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With affectionate greetings

from Dickie Ostr. Jones

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*Gossip of the Seventeenth
and Eighteenth Centuries*

Poems of Charles Cotton

1630-1687

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by

John Beresford

It is odd that . . . Elia's Cotton should have waited until now for his monumental edition; he has not waited in vain. . . . About Cotton's poetic birthright there can be no doubt at all.—The Times Literary Supplement.

Mr. Beresford is to be congratulated on his infinite labour and research as well as his sensitive appreciation, and his publisher on an excellent production.—The Manchester Guardian.

To every competently arranged library these "Poems of Charles Cotton" must inevitably be added.—C. K. S. in The Sphere.



[*National Portrait Gallery*]

KING CHARLES I

BY DANIEL MYTENS

Frontispiece

*Gossip of the Seventeenth
and Eighteenth Centuries*

By
John Beresford

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PREFATORY NOTE

GOSSIP in its favourable sense is defined in the *New English Dictionary* as “easy, unrestrained talk or writing, especially about persons or social events.” It is in this sense that I use the word.

These studies are concerned solely with the human side of history—with the lives and characters of various men and women, whether celebrated or altogether obscure, who flourished at any time within the period beginning with the early years of the seventeenth century, and ending with the early years of the eighteenth century. The studies are in chronological order, except that at the end I hark back again to the beginning with Holy Mr. Herbert. I have utilised, and deliberately reproduced, the language of the main contemporary authorities, wherever possible, in order to convey the vital atmosphere of the past.

As to the essay “January 30, 1649,” in which I have attempted a very full account of the last hours of King Charles I, a word of explanation is necessary. The best modern historians and biographers of the period—Mr. S. R. Gardiner, Professor Firth, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, Lord Morley, Sir John Skelton—have

Prefatory Note

devoted varying degrees of attention to this subject, the authoritative accounts being those by Mr. S. R. Gardiner in his *History of the Great Civil War*, and by Professor Firth in his *Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England*. But even these authoritative accounts are inevitably limited in point of detail by considerations of space—in the case of works covering not the history of days merely, but of years.

It is for this reason that I have endeavoured to set out in relatively greater detail for present-day readers the circumstances of what Bishop Burnet described “as certainly one of the most amazing scenes in History.” As such alone, those hours of 1649 have their interest and significance even for 1923. Through the kindness of my friend, Dr. R. E. H. Woodforde, of Ashwell, Herts, I am enabled to publish for the first time an extract from the manuscript diary of his ancestor, the Reverend Samuel Woodforde (1636-1701), which throws a vivid light on how the king’s execution struck a contemporary.

The letters quoted in “Gossip of the Reign of Queen Anne,” from the *Melbourne Manuscripts* (published in 1888-9 as the *Twelfth Report, Appendix, of the Historical Manuscripts Commission*), are reproduced by permission of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office.

JOHN BERESFORD.

August 23, 1923.

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The pictures of the Right Honourable Thomas Coke, M.P., Vice-Chamberlain of the Household to Queen Anne and her successor, George I, and of Lady Mary Coke, are reproduced from photographs of the portraits at Melbourne Hall. Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr¹ most kindly gave me these photographs, that of Lady Mary being specially taken for this book. The Lely portrait of Anne Hyde at Hampton Court is reproduced by gracious permission of His Majesty the King. The picture of Charles I is from the superb portrait by Mytens in the National Portrait Gallery.

J. B.

¹ The late Lady Walter Kerr was great-great-great granddaughter of Thomas Coke by his second wife.

JANUARY 30,
1649

JANUARY 30,
1649

O ! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity.

Julius Cæsar, Act III, Sc. ii, 198-9.

This was that memorable Hour
Which first assur'd the forcèd Pow'r.

*Andrew Marvell's "An Horatian Ode upon
Cromwel's Return from Ireland," ls. 65-6.*

AT the beginning of the eleventh book of his *History of the Rebellion*, Lord Clarendon has placed, as a suitable heading and text for the events of the year 1648-9, the seventh verse of the second chapter of the Book of Lamentations : "The Lord hath cast off his altar, he hath abhorred his sanctuary, he hath given up into the hand of the enemy the walls of her palaces ; they have made a noise in the house of the Lord, as in the day of a solemn feast." And he has chosen another text from the twenty-fourth verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of Deuteronomy to precede the text from Lamentations : "Even all nations shall say, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land ? what meaneth the heat of this great anger ?"

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The selection by Lord Clarendon of these passages from the Bible as an appropriate prelude to an historical work has a profound significance of its own. We are in an instant wafted back into an atmosphere wholly different from that of the present century, an atmosphere in which Politics and Religion were bound inseparably together. Lord Clarendon was one of the greatest, if not the greatest statesman of the seventeenth century, and he is still remembered by posterity as one of the greatest of English historians. But both as a statesman and as an historian his actions and his thoughts had their root in religious beliefs, and the Bible was to him, as it was to his arch-enemy, Oliver Cromwell, the foundation of secular life, and the source of all inspiration.

Therefore, when the statesman-historian begins the account of the year 1648-9—the year was then reckoned from March to March—with these sombre passages from the Scriptures, we are enabled to realise at once how desolating was the impression created in men's minds by the execution of King Charles I on that cold winter's day more than two and a half centuries ago.

In endeavouring to recall that tragic scene—for tragedy it was, from whatever aspect, whether Puritan or Royalist, it be considered—I trust I shall not be regarded as one of those romantically forlorn persons who, conceiving themselves to be Jacobites, lay wreaths upon the equestrian statue of Charles I at

January 30, 1649

Charing Cross on January 30 of each year. Not that I would scoff at the laying of wreaths—far from it—only I should, with equal respect, lay a wreath on the statue of Cromwell outside the Houses of Parliament. To me it seems that both men are worthy of veneration, as representing with absolute sincerity those opposite attitudes of mind which, under varying forms, have been the fundamental influences in religious development since the Reformation, and in political development since the seventeenth century.

Charles I believed in political tradition, Cromwell in political experiment. Charles emphasised the need of Authority, of the ultimate repository of power in one person, Cromwell the need of individual responsibility, provided it were exercised by men who had the root of the matter in them. Charles believed that in form, in style, in ceremony, there is a certain real significance ; Cromwell regarded all that as, at the best, but a kind of bauble. Charles was of those who find it easier to approach the throne of Grace through the mystery of the Sacraments, Cromwell through direct and penitent prayer. Charles in his last hours found supreme consolation in the service of the Holy Communion, Cromwell simply in the thought of the Grace abounding.

The political result of the clash of the two personalities at the time was extraordinary and paradoxical in the highest degree. Charles ended his career by vindicating the liberty of the subject against the rule

of the soldier and the sword, Cromwell by establishing what the Poet, Charles Cotton, wittily described as "a Free-State bound in fetters." The ultimate result has worked itself out in that most marvellous and brilliant of all compromises, the British Constitution : it is as though the statue of Charles I from Charing Cross, and the statue of Cromwell from Westminster, were to move and meet midway in Whitehall, where each had passed from this terrestrial scene—Charles on the scaffold outside the Banqueting Hall, Cromwell in one of the Chambers of the Royal Palace. Both would perceive with wonder a Constitution representing, in essence, the best elements for which each strove. They would see Authority and the power of the State symbolised by Monarchy and executed through Ministers responsible to Parliament—still Lords and Commons. They would see the instruments of Force, the Army and the Navy, effectually subjected to the civil power through the simple practice of annual Parliamentary votes. They would see the Church of England still as by law established at the Reformation, and side by side they would see Papists, and men with the root of the matter in them, in every manifestation of Nonconformity, practising in perfect and peaceful freedom their particular forms of worship.

Charles would console himself for the loss of his Royal and Absolute Prerogative by perceiving a Monarchy deeply revered as the supreme symbol

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of State, and by recognising at Lambeth a more popular Archbishop than Laud, not perhaps wholly through his own fault, could ever be. Cromwell would console himself for the disappearance of the rule of the Saints by observing the unquestioned acceptance of the principle of Religious Toleration, and of Political Freedom. That source of Sovereignty which one believed to spring from the Divine Right of kings, and the other from the Divine Right of plain and puritan men, they would see at once wonderfully dispersed and centred in Parliament, Cabinet, and King.

But at the time of that terrible conflict, a conflict which spread over the eighteen years from 1642 to 1660—roughly divided into nine years of fighting, and nine years of passive and bitter obedience—neither the King nor Cromwell could see even a glimmering of the ultimate solution.

What was the effectual significance of the event of January 30, 1649?

Carlyle, while rightly reckoning it “perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do,” is not very illuminating as to the result. “This action of the English Regicides,” he says, “did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably

sick ever since ; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again.”¹ Lord Morley, in his notable *Life of Cromwell*, falls foul of this extraordinary assertion, and conceives that precisely the opposite happened. Whether Flunkeyism and Cant were diminished or increased by this event seems to me historically to be neither here nor there, as being at best a matter of pure speculation. We get more help from Professor Firth, who, surveying Cromwell’s career as a whole, says : “ Thanks to his sword, absolute monarchy failed to take root in English soil.”²

But if the execution of the King on January 30, 1649, was the death-knell of absolute Monarchy in England, equally it was the death-knell of the rule of the sword itself. For it was clear to men at the time that the act was wholly illegal and tyrannical, and, as the years of the Commonwealth passed by, it became increasingly obvious that the Cromwellian sword was as hostile to Parliaments as to Kings : with the Restoration the rule of the sword vanished for ever in England.

It is not simply because the King’s execution had great historical results that it is so immensely impor-

¹ *Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches*, Vol. I, p. 407, edited by Mrs. S. C. Lomas, 1904.

² *Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England*, p. 486, 1900 : accounted by Lord Acton the highest authority on the subject.

January 30, 1649

tant. It is important and worthy of perpetual commemoration as being, in itself, as Bishop Burnet said of it, "certainly one of the most amazing scenes in History."³ In truth, the conduct of the King, not only on the day itself, but on the days immediately preceding it, combined with the whole circumstances of the time, have the same effect on the mind as high and splendid Poetry. In Poetry, indeed, the scene has been immortalised by the Puritan Poet, Andrew Marvell.

To obtain even a faint idea of the intellectual misery the King must have been through both before and during those events which culminated in his death, it is essential to remember that since the collapse of the Royalist Cause in 1645-6 he had been a prisoner. From May, 1646, to January, 1647, he had been the prisoner of the Scots, and from that time till his death the prisoner of the Parliament and the Army. From Holmby in June, 1647, he was removed to Hampton Court; from Hampton Court at the end of 1647 he had escaped, only to become imprisoned in "Carisbrooke's narrow case." At Carisbrooke he remained just over a year. Then on December 1, 1648, he was removed to the melancholy and gloom of Hurst Castle. Three weeks later he was conducted to Windsor, and from Windsor, on January 19, 1649, he was brought to St. James's preparatory to his trial.

³ Burnet's *History of My Own Time*, ed. 1897, by O. Airy, Vol. I, p. 79.

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During the trial he was lodged at Cotton House, Westminster. After he had been sentenced to death on the 27th, he stayed one night at Whitehall, and the last two nights of his life at St. James's. And during nearly the whole of this restless captivity—certainly from May, 1646, to the end of November, 1648—ceaseless negotiations had been going on : now with the Scots, then with the Parliament ; now with the Army, then the Scots again ; and yet again, and sometimes simultaneously,⁴ with Parliament, Scots, and Army ; each party, Scots, Parliament, Army, showing itself, for the most part, to be entirely self-centred and self-seeking, at one only in this, that each insisted on conditions which were tantamount to requiring a complete surrender of everything the King, rightly or wrongly, held to be essential. Finally, just as a prospect of accommodation between the King and the Parliament seemed to be opening out of the Newport negotiations, in November, 1648, the Army, now utterly without faith in either Parliament or King, "purged" the former (December 6-7), and hurried the latter to the trial which they had planned should have but one result.

Events now moved with great rapidity. By a

⁴ The King has justly been charged with double-dealing, but to his mind, under the historical ægis of the theory of Divine Right, those of his subjects represented by the Scots, the Army, and the Parliament were in reasonable rebellion. And was there no double-dealing on their side ?

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House of Commons thus "purged" and representing no one but the Puritan minority of the Nation, and indeed only the extreme section of that minority,⁵ an Ordinance was introduced on December 28 creating a tribunal to try the King. On January 2, 1649, the Lords rejected this Ordinance. On January 4, the undaunted Commons resolved "that the Commons of England assembled in Parliament do declare that the People under God are the Original of all just Powers," and that the Commons as their representatives "have the supreme Authority of the Nation."⁶ On January 6, a new Ordinance or Act was passed by them :

"Whereas 'tis notorious, That Charles Stuart, now King of England . . . has had a wicked design totally to subvert the antient and fundamental Laws and Libertys of this Nation, and in their stead to introduce an Arbitrary and Tyrannical Government . . . and has levy'd and maintain'd a cruel War against the Parliament and Kingdom. . . . Whereas also the Parliament, well hoping that the imprison-

⁵ See, for instance, the moving letter of protest against "your army in their late and present actings," addressed to Lord Fairfax by Colonel E. Harley. Portland MSS. *H.M.C. Report* 14, App., Pt. II, pp. 166-7. The Harleys were eminently Puritan, but gradually became estranged from the cause.

⁶ Rushworth's *Historical Collections*, 4, ii, p. 1383, ed. 1701. Rushworth (1612-90) was for some time Fairfax's secretary, and, from his intimate and often personal knowledge of events, compiled his collections for publication.

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ment of his Person . . . would have quieted the Distempers of the Kingdom, forbore to proceed judicially against him, but found by sad Experience that their Remissness serv'd only to encourage him . . . in raising new Commotions, Rebellions and Invasions. For preventing therefore the like or greater Inconveniences, and to the end no chief Officer or Magistrate whatever, may hereafter presume traiterously and maliciously to imagine or contrive the enslaving or destroying the English Nation, and to expect impunity for so doing ; 'tis hereby ordain'd and enacted by the Commons in Parliament, That Tho. Ld Fairfax, O. Cromwell, Hen. Ireton Esqs.; [the rest of the names, 135 in all, including the three named, follow] are hereby appointed and requir'd to be Commissioners and Judges for hearing, trying and adjudging the said Charles Stuart. . . .”⁷

Between January 8 and 19 the Commissioners sat in the Painted Chamber, Westminster, feverishly considering procedure. Algernon Sidney declined to act on the ground, [not only that the King, but that no man could be tried by such a Court. Whereupon Cromwell cried out: “I tell you, we will cut off his head with the crown upon it.”⁸

Over that memorable scene in Westminster Hall

⁷ Rushworth's *Historical Collections*, Vol. VI, pp. 562-3, ed. 1708 : this is the “abridg'd and improv'd” edition, which I have used only when it is more complete than the earlier edition.

⁸ Firth's *Oliver Cromwell, etc.*, p. 218.

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during the trial, which began on Saturday, January 20, was resumed on Monday and Tuesday, January 22 and 23, and after three days of private session in the Painted Chamber, was concluded in the Hall with the pronouncement of sentence on Saturday, January 27, it is not possible to linger. It will suffice to recall the outstanding incidents : the cry from the masked lady in the gallery on the opening day of the trial—afterwards found to be Lady Fairfax—that her husband had “ more wit than to be here ” (the 135 Commissioners had already dwindled to 68), and again in scornful comment when the King was called on by Bradshaw to answer to the charge “ in the behalf of the Commons . . . and the good people of England ”—“ It is a lie,” she called out, “ not half, nor a quarter of the people of England. Oliver Cromwell is a traitor ” ; the King’s unanswerable questions as to the right that Court had to judge him, and his consequent refusal to plead ; his declaration on the 22nd : “ it is not my case alone, it is for the freedom and liberty of the people of England ; and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties ; for, if power without law may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the Kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or anything that he calls his own ” ;⁹ the eleventh-hour intervention on the 27th of one of the Regicides, poor weak John Downes, who (after

⁹ *State Trials*, IV, 1082.

the King's appeal to be heard by the Lords and Commons which he made when the President of the Court, Bradshaw, was about to speak finally before sentence) rose up and said that he had reasons to offer against the sentence ; the temporary adjournment for half an hour, during which the Court decided against any postponement—"after this I [Downes] did go into the Speaker's Chamber, and there I did ease my mind and heart with tears, God only knows " ¹⁰ ; the reading of the sentence—" . . . For all which Treasons and Crimes this Court does adjudge, That the said Charles Stuart, as a Tyrant, Traitor, Murderer, and publick Enemy to the good People of this Nation, shall be put to death by severing his Head from his Body " ; the King's final attempt to speak—"Will you hear me a word, Sir ?" *President* : "Sir, you are not to be heard after Sentence." *King* : "No, Sir ?" *President* : "No, Sir, by your favor. Guard, withdraw your Prisoner." *King* : "I may speak after Sentence, by your favor, Sir, I may speak after Sentence, ever. By your favor, hold : the Sentence, Sir—I say Sir, I do—I am not suffer'd to speak, expect what Justice other People will have." Rushworth, who thus reports this broken and poignant dialogue, ¹¹ proceeds : "His Majesty being taken away by the Guard, as he past down the Stairs the Soldiers scoff'd

¹⁰ *State Trials*, V, 1210-13.

¹¹ *Historical Collections*, Vol. VI, pp. 601-2, ed. 1708 ; also, of course, in the *State Trials*.

at him, casting the Smoke of their Tobacco (a thing very distasteful to him) in his Face, and throwing their Pipes in his way. And as he heard the Rabble of Soldiers crying out (in his passage), 'Justice, Justice,' he said, 'Poor Soldiers, for a piece of Mony they would do so by their Commanders.'"¹²

From Westminster Hall the King was taken first back to Cotton House close by, where he had been lodged during the trial, and from thence he was conveyed to Whitehall in a sedan-chair guarded by soldiers on either side. Sir Thomas Herbert, his faithful attendant and the only servant permitted to remain with him, states in his *Memoirs* that many of the people, who thronged the shop stalls and windows in King Street, wept as the King went by, and that some prayed for him audibly.

That night the King slept at Whitehall, the Palace whose galleries he had adorned with some of the finest pictures in the world—now soon to be sold and scattered among the princely courts of Europe. But his thoughts were not of these things, unless for a moment his mind wandered back to the earlier days of his reign, and his married happiness in those familiar

¹² In giving this summarised account of the trial, I have based myself on the main original authorities, the *State Trials* and Rushworth (himself a collection of authorities), and also on the account given by S. R. Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, Vol. IV, ch. lxx; Firth's *Oliver Cromwell*, ch. xi; and *The Trial of Charles the First and of Some of the Regicides*, published (with Notes) 1832.

places of his Palace. His request that Bishop Juxon might be with him now that his days and hours were numbered, had been granted by the Authorities, and, as a devout Churchman all his life through, he wished to spend the remainder of his time in preparing his soul for the final scene, and its release from all earthly troubles. The next day—being Sunday, the 28th of January—Bishop Juxon, after Prayers, preached before him, taking for his text the sixteenth verse of the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans : "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my Gospel." The Bishop inferred from this text, says Herbert, that though God's judgments were postponed, he would proceed to a strict account in due time, so that "the most hidden things and Imaginations of men" would be made manifest at the Day of Judgment. After the sermon the Bishop administered the Sacrament to the King.¹³

Meanwhile, those who had tried the King, together with the President of the Court, John Bradshaw, spent the day fasting, and listening to an exceedingly truculent discourse from the Puritan divine, Hugh Peters, who took as his text the sixth, seventh, eighth

¹³ Herbert (*Memoirs*, pp. 181-2) speaks as though this sermon was preached on Monday, but Rushworth (*Historical Colls.*, Vol. VI, p. 602) makes the day Sunday, which seems more probable. Gardiner, still the greatest authority on the period, does not question that the day was Sunday.

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and ninth verses of the 149th Psalm : " Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand ; to execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people ; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron ; to execute upon them the judgment written : this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord." From this fiery text in the Psalms he proceeded to a terrible application of an even more fiery text from Isaiah, chapter xiv, verses 18, 19 and 20 : " All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit ; as a carcase trodden under feet. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people ; the seed of evildoers shall never be renowned." That this dreadful sermon was preached by Peters was stated by Thomas Tongue at the trial of Peters, together with the Regicides, in 1660. On the other hand, another witness—a Mr. Chace—refers the text from the Psalms to a sermon by Peters, apparently on the preceding Sunday. Nor is it clear from these witnesses whether the sermon was preached in Whitehall Chapel or St. James's Chapel. Mr. Gardiner, while accepting the scene of the sermon as Whitehall, and that words in justification of those seeking the King's death " resounded "

on this day, the 28th, from Hugh Peters, points out the conflicting evidence. The witness Chace added that he "observed Oliver Cromwell did laugh at that time when you [Peters] were preaching." Whether Cromwell laughed or not, it is certainly difficult not to laugh, or even weep now, at the fanatical extravagance of Hugh Peters. The poor man paid for his sermons eleven years later with his life, on the scaffold at Charing Cross.¹⁴

Thus Sunday passed, each side fortifying itself and basing itself upon the Bible: the Royalist believing that in due time God would visit with judgment the perpetrators of an impious crime; the extreme Puritan—it is essential to remember that the trial and sentence of the King were not approved by moderate Puritan opinion—conceiving that a great act of divine justice was about to be manifested among men. All this illustrates the inextricable intermingling of political and religious strands, not until the nineteenth century to be, for the most part, unravelled and wound into separate skeins. To charge either side with hypocrisy for thus making the Bible a supreme political pamphlet is to misconceive absolutely the attitude of mind of seventeenth-century men.

Towards Sunday evening the King was conveyed from Whitehall to St. James's. Mr. Gardiner suggests that the reason for this removal may have been

¹⁴ See *State Trials*, V, 1131-45, and 1282-3 for full details about Peters.

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to take him out of sight and sound of the final preparations for his execution upon the scaffold, "in the open Streete before Whitehall," as the death-warrant ran. However this may be, it is certain that the King spent his last Sunday and Monday night at the Palace of St. James's. It is related by Herbert that, on the night following the trial, Colonel Hacker, who commanded the soldiers guarding the King, intended to place two musketeers in the King's bedroom—for some time the King had had to endure the presence of soldiers smoking in his presence¹⁵—"howbeit the good Bishop [Juxon] and Mr. Herbert, apprehending the Horrour of it, and disturbance it would give the King in his Meditations and Preparation for his Departure out of this uncomfortable World, also representing the Barbarousness of such an Act, they never left the Colonel till he reversed his Order by withdrawing these men."

The efforts of the Bishop and Herbert were decisively helped by the Puritan Colonel Tomlinson, also in a position of military authority at St. James's, who did all he could to mitigate the miseries of the last hours of captivity, so much so that the King "was pleased to have a consideration of that care that I had in that capacity I then stood. That very night before his death he was pleased to give me a legacy, which was a gold tooth-picker and case that he kept in his

¹⁵ *State Trials*, V, 1179—Colonel Tomlinson's evidence at Hacker's trial.

pocket.”¹⁶ Upon Sunday night¹⁷ the King took a ring—having an emerald set between two diamonds—from his finger, and gave it to Herbert, instructing him to seek out “a Lady living then in Channel Row, on the backside of King Street, in Westminster, and give it her, without saying anything.” Herbert, accordingly, obtaining the password from good Colonel Tomlinson, wended his way through the purlieus of the Palace of Whitehall in the pitchy darkness, satisfying the challenging sentries with the password, and reached the lady’s house. The lady, upon receiving the ring, “gave him a little Cabinet which was closed with three Seals . . . praying him to deliver it to the same Hand that sent the Ring, which was left with her.”

Herbert conveyed the precious cabinet safely back, and next morning, after Prayers, “his Majesty broke the Seals open, and shew’d them what was contain’d in it; there were Diamonds and Jewels, most part broken Georges and Garters. ‘You see (said he) all the Wealth now in my Power to give my Two Children.’”

That day, Monday, the 29th, the King took leave of his two younger children, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester. They were brought from

¹⁶ *State Trials*, V, 1179—Colonel Tomlinson’s evidence.

¹⁷ It is not quite clear from Herbert’s *Memoirs* whether it was Sunday or Saturday night, but Sunday seems more probable. Herbert was writing from memory in 1679–80.

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Sion House, where they had been placed by the Parliament under the charge of the Earl of Northumberland.¹⁸

The King's last words to these children—Elizabeth was just fourteen, and the Duke only nine—have been preserved in a sort of appendix to one of the earliest editions (1649) of the *Eikon Basilike*. The *Eikon Basilike* itself, which contains the King's "Apologia" for his life and actions, together with his prayers and meditations, is one of those rare books which have had a decisive effect on contemporary public opinion, and has, therefore, helped to make history. Supposed to have been written by his own pen, and unquestionably representing his standpoint and personality at its best, it was passed from hand to hand, went through edition after edition, and paved the way for the Restoration by its influence on opinion. It is now established, beyond reasonable doubt, that the real author of the book was Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Gauden. There is, however, no question whatever as to the authenticity and accuracy of the King's farewell words to his children, as given separately at the end of the particular 1649 edition of the *Eikon Basilike*, in which they first appeared. The more detailed of the two

¹⁸ It will be remembered that the King's two eldest sons, Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II) and James, Duke of York (James II), had fortunately made good their escape to the Continent. For the account of the latter's adventures, see the essay on Anne Hyde in this volume.

accounts is, indeed, from "the Lady Elizabeth's own hand." As neither of the two accounts—which supplement one another—are given in full by the best-known modern historians of these times,¹⁹ as both are brief and both are beautiful, I make no apology for giving them verbatim ; indeed, I am certain that no partial quotation, or paraphrase, even were it from the master-hand of Macaulay, can do adequate justice to words which are of the very stuff of literature, and of life.

"Munday 29th January, 1648.

A true Relation of the King's Speech to the Lady Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester. The day before His death.

"His Children being come to meet Him, he first gave His blessing to the Lady Elizabeth ; and bad her remember to tell her Brother James, when ever she should see him, that it was his Father's last desire, that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest Brother only, but be obedient unto him, as his Sovereign ; and that they should love one another, and forgive their Father's Enemies. Then said the King to her, Sweet-heart, you'l forget this : No (said she) I shall never forget it while I live : and pouring

¹⁹ E.g. S. R. Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War*, Professor Firth's *Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England*, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts*, Lord Morley's *Oliver Cromwell*, Sir John Skelton's *Charles I.* In works such as these, covering considerable tracts of time, it is obviously impossible for the historian to go into great detail.

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forth abundance of tears, promised Him to write doun the Particulars.

“Then the King taking the Duke of Glocester upon His Knee said, Sweet-heart now they will cut off thy Father’s Head ; (upon which words the Childe looked very stedfastly on Him) Mark Childe what I say, They will cut off My Head, and perhaps make thee a King : But marke what I say, you must not be a King, so long as your Brothers, Charls and James, do live ; For they will cut off your Brothers Heads (when they can catch them) and cut off thy Head too at the last : and therefore I charge you, do not be made a King by them. At which the Childe sighing, said, I will be torn in pieces first. Which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the King rejoyce exceedingly.”

“Another Relation from the Lady Elizabeth’s own Hand.

“What the King said to me the 29th of January, 1648, being the last time I had the happiness to see Him ; He told me, He was glad I was come, and although He had not time to say much, yet somewhat He had to say to me, which He had not to another, or leave in writing, because He feared their cruelty was such, as that they would not have permitted Him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment my self for Him ; for that would be a glorious death that He should dye ; it being for the Laws and Liberties of this Land, and for maintaining the true Protestant Religion. He bid me read Bishop Andrews Sermons, Hookers Ecclesiastical Politie, and Bishop Lauds Book against Fisher, which would ground me against Popery. He told me He had

forgiven all His Enemies and hoped God would forgive them also ; and commanded Us and all the rest of my Brothers and Sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my Mother, that His thoughts had never strayed from Her, and that His love should be the same to the last. Withall He commanded me and my Brother to be obedient to Her. And bid me send His blessing to the rest of my Brothers and Sisters, with commendation to all His friends : so after He had given me His blessing I took my leave.

“Further, He commanded Us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them ; for they had been most false to Him, and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own Souls : and desired me not to grieve for Him, for he should die a Martyr ; and that He doubted not but the Lord would settle His Throne upon His Son, and that We should be all happier then [than] we could have expected to have been, if He had lived : with many other things, which at present I cannot remember. Elizabeth.”²⁰

The King gave all the jewels, from the cabinet Herbert had brought, to his children, keeping only the George which he wore—to hand next day, upon the scaffold, to Bishop Juxon for the Prince. Both children wept bitterly ; the small boy seeing his sister

²⁰ *Εκκλῶν Βασιλική*, edition 1649, pp. 275–8 (mistakenly numbered 174, 175, 178 in original). At the end of the Lady Elizabeth’s relation is another but very brief relation of what the King said to the Duke of Gloucester, important only as indicating that the King had heard that the Army intended to make the Duke King—hence the King’s exhortations as already given.

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cry, himself broke down. "Most sorrowful was this Parting," says Herbert, "the young Princess shedding Tears and crying lamentably, so as mov'd others to Pity, that formerly were hard-hearted ; and at opening the Bed-Chamber Door, the King return'd hastily from the Window and kiss'd 'em and bless'd 'em ; so parted."

It is a relief to turn from this painful scene and to refer to some other incidents recorded by Herbert, though it is not quite clear from his Memoirs whether they happened on Sunday the 28th or on Monday the 29th. It appears that a number of devout Puritan ministers, amongst them Mr. Calamy, Mr. Vines, Mr. Caryll, Mr. Dell, and later "Mr. John Goodwyn (Minister in Coleman Street)," came to St. James's, "presented their Duty to the King, with their humble desires to pray with him, and perform other Offices of Service, if His Majesty pleas'd to accept of 'em." The King was grateful and hoped that they would remember him in their prayers, but that as he had already made choice of Dr. Juxon to administer ghostly comfort to his soul, he did not need anyone else. There is something at once humorous and touching in the picture of these earnest and devoted Puritan divines offering their spiritual services to the most Anglican of kings in that extremity of his life to which the Puritan sword had now brought him. Some of the King's personal friends also came to St. James's to take farewell of him—the Duke of

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Richmond, the good Lord Southampton, and others—but the King desired not to be disturbed in his final hours of preparation, hoping they would understand, and not take it ill. “The best Office they can do now, is to pray for me,” he said.

Finally, there is the beautiful incident of Sir Thomas Herbert (of the *Memoirs*) meeting with his kinsman, Sir Henry Herbert (sometime Master of the Revels in older and happier times, and brother of George Herbert the Poet),²¹ in St. James’s Park ; how Sir Henry Herbert asked his kinsman to assure the King that he and many others of his servants prayed fervently for him, and further “requested that his Majesty would please to read the second chapter of Ecclesiasticus, for he would find Comfort in it, aptly suiting his present Condition” ; and how the King was grateful, and after commending Sir Henry as “a good Scholar, Soldier and an accomplished Courtier . . . presently turn’d to the chapter, and read it with much Satisfaction.” This is that chapter from the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach which contains the words :

“My son, if thou come to serve the Lord God, prepare thy soul for temptation. Set thy heart aright, and constantly endure, and make not haste in time of trouble. Cleave unto him, and depart not away, that thou mayest be increased at thy last end. . . . Look at the generations of old, and see ; did ever

²¹ See the essay “Holy Mr. Herbert” in this volume.

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any trust in the Lord, and was confounded ? or did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken ? or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him ? For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction."

The hours of the 29th of January wore on to evening. Soon Bishop Juxon took his leave of the King, being appointed to return early the next morning. For more than two hours after the Bishop had left him, the King continued to read and to pray. Then he went to bed, and while Herbert, who lay on a pallet by the bedside, tossed and dreamed uneasily, the King slept soundly for four hours or more. Herbert dreamed that someone knocked twice at the bed-chamber door while the King was dressing himself for his last day. At the second knock the King told him to open the door. "Whereupon I opened the door, and perceived that it was the Lord Archbp. of Cant. Dr. Laud, in his Pontifical Habit, as worn at Court ; I knew him, having seen him often." The Archbishop asked to speak to the King, and the King took him aside to the window and they talked together ; as they talked Herbert perceived that the King was "pensive" by his looks, and that the Archbishop "gave a sigh." Then the Archbishop withdrew, with his face turned all the way to the King, making profound obeisance, and finally falling prostrate to the ground. As Herbert

stepped to help the Archbishop up, he awakened from his dream. Later, when Herbert had told his dream to the King, who had asked why he was disquieted in his sleep, "the King said, my dream was remarkable, but he is dead [Laud had been executed by the Parliament in January, 1645] ; yet, had we conferred together during life, 'tis very likely (albeit I loved him well) I should have said something to him might have occasioned his sigh."²²

Two hours before the dawn of the 30th, the King awaked, opened his curtain, and called Herbert to rise.

"For (said his Majesty) I will get up, having a great Work to do this Day. . . . Herbert, this is my Second Marriage-Day ; I would be as trim as may be ; for before Night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus."

Then appointing the clothes he would wear, he continued :

"Let me have a Shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some Observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such Imputation. I fear not Death ! Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepar'd."

²² The story of Herbert's dream, as told by himself, will be found in a letter of his to Dr. Samways, dated August 28, 1680, and printed at the end of the 1815 (third) edition of Herbert's *Memoirs*, pp. 217-22.

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Soon Bishop Juxon came to pray with the King. But before the King retired with Bishop Juxon he gave Herbert his last possessions, with instructions how they should be disposed of—to the Prince his Bible annotated by his own hand ; to the Duke of York his large ring sun-dial, a jewel “invented and made by Mr. Delamaine, an able Mathematician, who projected it, and in a little printed book shew’d its excellent Use, in resolving many Questions in Arithmetick, and other rare Operations to be wrought by it in the Mathematicks” ; to Princess Elizabeth Bishop Andrews’ *Sermons*, Archbishop Laud against *Fisher the Jesuit*, and Hooker’s *Ecclesiastical Polity* ; to the Duke of Gloucester King James’s *Works*, and Dr. Hammond’s *Practical Catechism* ; to the Earl of Lindsay *Cassandra* ; and to the Duchess of Richmond his gold watch.

The King and Bishop Juxon then withdrew to their devotions. The Bishop read the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew’s Gospel, “which relateth the Passion of our Blessed Saviour.” The King asked the Bishop if he had specially chosen that chapter, “being so applicable to his present Condition,” but the Bishop replied that it was the proper lesson for the day as appeared by the Calendar. Thereafter the King received the Sacrament.²³

²³ That the King received the Sacrament on this day is clear from Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, Vol. VI, p. 606, ed. 1708. Herbert, however, does not record this.

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Towards ten o'clock Colonel Hacker knocked at the door of the King's chamber, at first softly, then a little louder, and being admitted, tremblingly told the King it was time to go to Whitehall. After a short interval, during which he remained quite alone, the King took Bishop Juxon by the hand and

"looking upon him with a chearful Countenance, he said, 'Come, let us go'; and bidding Mr. Herbert take with him the silver Clock, that hung by the Bedside, said, 'Open the Door, Hacker has given us a Second Warning.' Through the garden the King pass'd into the Park, where making a stand, he ask'd Mr. Herbert the Hour of the Day; and taking the Clock into his Hand, gave it him, and bade him keep it in memory of him; which Mr. Herbert keeps accordingly."

Across the park the King walked, guarded by halberdiers before and behind, with regiments of foot drawn up on either side; on the King's right hand walked Bishop Juxon, on his left Colonel Tomlinson, and immediately behind the King came Herbert. It was very cold, and the King walked rapidly, and even told the guards to go faster. The drums beat, and the noise was so great that it was difficult to speak audibly. On reaching Whitehall, the King was taken to his bedchamber.

And now occurred an unaccountable delay. It cannot have been later than eleven o'clock when the

King reached Whitehall, but his execution did not actually take place till four minutes past two. Rushworth says that the scaffold was not ready. Modern historians, Mr. Gardiner and Professor Firth, suggest that the execution may have been delayed so as to give Parliament time to pass an Act forbidding the proclamation of any successor to Charles. This Act was not passed till the beginning of the afternoon's session. However this may be, one thing is certain : the utmost difficulty had been experienced in obtaining sufficient signatures to the death-warrant. It is now known ²⁴ that the death-warrant was actually drawn up, dated, and to some extent even signed, before sentence of death was pronounced on January 27. This merely shows that some of the Regicides—Cromwell among them—had already made up their minds to execute the King, and had expected that it might have been accomplished by the 27th at the latest. The decision that the King should not be sentenced in his absence caused delay, and it was too late to carry out the sentence on the 27th. Meanwhile public opinion, already known to be opposed to the whole action of the trial, was beginning to influence the less robust among the Regicides. On the 29th the warrant—already out of date—had not received nearly enough signatures. It was impossible to draw up a new warrant, for fear some of the judges

²⁴ Vide S. R. Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War, 1642-9*, Vol. IV, pp. 308-11 and pp. 316-18; ed. 1905.

would not repeat their signatures. The old warrant was, therefore, brought up to date by means of the erasure of the older date and insertion of the new, and further signatures were obtained on the 29th, bringing the total number up to fifty-nine. Precisely what extent of pressure, or even force, was used to obtain these signatures is not known, but the evidence at the trials of the Regicides is significant. As Mr. Gardiner says : "On the whole it will be safe to assume that great pressure was put, sometimes in rough military fashion, on those who hung back."

That the compelling figure behind all this was Cromwell cannot be seriously doubted. He "had made up his mind that the King must die, and when his mind was made up he was inflexible," so says Professor Firth. Despite public opinion, despite the protest on the 29th of the Assembly of Divines, and of the Dutch Ambassadors, despite the aversion of Fairfax, and despite the appeal of the Prince—the blank paper signed by himself on which the Parliament might inscribe any terms they pleased—he was determined that the deed must be done.²⁵

²⁵ As late as Christmas Day, 1648, Cromwell was doubtful about the expediency, though not the justice, of taking the King's life. See Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, Vol. IV, pp. 285-6; *The Clarke Papers*, edited by C. H. Firth, Vol. II, p. xxx. Mr. S. R. Gardiner has fallen into a curious error in saying that Downes did not sign the death-warrant (*Great Civil War*, Vol. IV, p. 318). That Downes did sign is not only clear from the warrant itself, an

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It is impossible not to admire in all this the gigantic resolution of Cromwell, but even Cromwell could not control time and circumstance absolutely. Whether it was an incomplete scaffold, or the exigencies of a belated Act of Parliament, or the refusal of the executioner to wield the axe without a final written order (which it was said at Colonel Axtell's trial Cromwell had been forced to write out himself owing to the timidity of one Huncks),²⁶ whether it was some final hesitation of Fairfax, or some profounder and still hidden influence, whatever the reason, the King was kept upon the very brink of fate for three tedious hours.

Part of this time he spent in repose, part in prayer with Bishop Juxon, and part in private prayer alone. At twelve o'clock he ate a mouthful of bread and drank a small glass of claret, refusing to dine, as having previously taken the Sacrament.

At about half-past one Colonel Hacker came to the bedchamber door to summon the King to the scaffold. Both Herbert and the Bishop fell upon their knees weeping, "and the King gave him his Hand to kiss, and help'd the Bishop up, for he was aged." The King "with a chearful look" passed along the galleries and through the Banqueting Hall lined with

excellent reproduction of which will be found on p. 309 of the same volume, but from the *State Trials*, the reference to which Mr. Gardiner himself gives.

²⁶ *State Trials*, V, 1148-9.

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soldiers. Behind the soldiers, who were silent and dejected, crowds of men and women surged forward, regardless of personal safety, praying for the King, "to behold," as Herbert says, "the saddest sight England ever saw."

Through the middle window of the Banqueting Hall the King stepped out upon the scaffold. Multitudes of people thronged Whitehall to watch the tremendous spectacle. Immediately round the scaffold, which was entirely covered with black, were companies of horse and foot. The King was accompanied only by Bishop Juxon, Colonel Hacker, and Colonel Tomlinson; these three and two masked men, the executioner²⁷ and his assistant, were the most conspicuous occupants of the scaffold. Herbert was unable to endure the horror of the sight, and waited in the Banqueting Hall till the execution was over. He entrusted Bishop Juxon with the white satin night-cap in which the King was to confine his hair before the axe fell.

As the King walked on to the scaffold, he looked "very earnestly on the Block," and asked if there were no higher; the block, in fact, was only six inches high. This is clear, not only from contemporary records, but from some of the old engravings, notably

²⁷ The identity of the executioner is not definitely known, though Richard Brandon, the ordinary executioner, was probably the man. For full details of the evidence as to this, see Mr. Philip Sidney's *The Headsman of Whitehall*, 1905.

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that in the 1673 edition of the Book of Common Prayer.²⁸

The King, however, did not complain, but immediately addressed his final speech to those with him ; it was impossible for his voice to carry as far as the throngs waiting beyond the soldiers who surrounded the scaffold.

He began by saying that he could hold his peace very well

“if I did not think that holding my Peace would make some Men think that I did submit to the guilt, as well as to the Punishment. But I think it is my Duty to God first, and to my Country, for to clear myself both as an honest Man, a good King, and a good Christian.”

He proceeded to protest his innocence as to the beginning of the Civil War, that he did not begin it, but the Parliament : “they confest that the Militia was mine, but they thought it fit to have it from me.” Still, he did not lay the guilt upon the Parliament, believing that “ill Instruments between them and me have been the chief Cause of all this Bloodshed.” Then in words of deep humility he referred to that act he had always regretted, his reluctant acquiescence in the sentence on Strafford :

²⁸ This edition, which is full of exquisite engravings, was printed by “the Assigns of John Bill and Christopher Barker, Printers to the King’s Most Excellent Majesty.” There is a copy in the London Library which I have examined.

“yet for all this God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian, as not to say God’s Judgments are just upon me ; many times he does pay Justice by an unjust Sentence : that is ordinary : I only say this, that an unjust Sentence that I suffered to take effect, is punished now by an unjust Sentence upon me.”

Next he desired to show that he died a good Christian, having forgiven all his enemies, even those in particular who had been the chief causers of his death. But his charity must go further ; not only did he wish that they should repent, but that they might “take the right way to the peace of the Kingdom, for Charity commands me not only to forgive particular Men, but my Charity commands me to endeavour to the last gasp the peace of the Kingdom.” He proceeded to give his opinion as to how his adversaries had erred “out of the way” ; for their way was the way of conquest, and “Conquest, Sirs, in my opinion is never just, except there be a good just Cause, either for matter of wrong, or just title,” and the slightest step beyond that turned conquest into robbery.

The conclusion of the King’s speech I give in full, as being for ever memorable :

“Now, Sirs, for to put you in the way ; believe it, you will never do right, nor God will never prosper you, until you give him his due, the King his due (that is, my Successors) and the People their due, I am as much for them as any of you : You must give God his due, by regulating rightly his Church (according

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to his Scriptures) which is now out of order ; for to set you in a way particularly, now I cannot ; but only this. A National Synod freely called, freely debating among themselves, must settle this, when that every opinion is freely and clearly heard. For the King indeed I will not (then turning to a gentleman that touched the Ax, he said, ' Hurt not the Ax that may hurt me '). As for the King, the Laws of the Land will clearly instruct you for that ; therefore because it concerns my own particular, I only give you a touch of it. For the People : And truly I desire their Liberty and Freedom, as much as any Body whomsoever ; but I must tell you, That their Liberty and Freedom consists in having of Government, those Laws by which their Life and their Goods may be most their own. It is not for having share in Government (Sirs) that is nothing pertaining to them. A Subject and a Sovereign are clean different things ; and therefore until they do that, I mean, That you do put the People in that Liberty as I say, certainly they will never enjoy themselves. Sirs, it was for this that now I am come here. If I would have given way to an Arbitrary Way, for to have all Laws changed according to the Power of the Sword, I needed not to have come here ; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your Charge) that I am the Martyr of the People. In troth, Sirs, I shall not hold you much longer ; for I will only say this to you, That in truth I could have desired some little time longer, because that I would have put this that I have said in a little more order, and a little better digested, than I have done ; and therefore I hope you will excuse me. I have delivered my Conscience, I pray God that you take

those Courses that are best for the good of the Kingdom, and your own Salvation.”²⁹

At the end of this wonderful speech, wonderful at any time, but doubly so in the tremendous moments in which it was made, Bishop Juxon prompted the King to say something about his religious beliefs. Whereupon the King, with the same complete self-possession that a Minister might show in an ordinary debate in the House of Commons if reminded of a point by a colleague on the Treasury bench, thanked the Bishop for his intervention, and declared that he died “a Christian according to the Profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my Father ; and this honest Man (the Bishop) I think will witness it.” Thereupon he turned to the Puritan officers, Colonel Hacker and Colonel Tomlinson, and said: “Sirs, excuse me for this same, I have a good cause, and I have a gracious God : I will say no more.” Then to Colonel Hacker : “Take care that they [the executioners] do not put me to pain.” And jokingly to one who came near the axe: “Take heed of the Axe, pray take heed of the Axe.” He turned to the executioner : “I shall say but very short Prayers, and

²⁹ For the King’s speech and the last words on the scaffold I have based myself on Rushworth, 4, ii, pp. 1429-30, edition 1701 ; for the incidents immediately before the scaffold scene, upon Rushworth and Herbert. For modern authorities I have naturally accepted Professor Firth and Mr. S. R. Gardiner, in those excellent works to which reference has already been made.

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then thrust out my hands." From Bishop Juxon he took the silk night-cap, and asked the executioner if his hair troubled him, and, on the executioner asking him to put it all under his cap, he did so with the help of the Bishop and the executioner.

These are the final words, as moving as any in a tragedy of Shakespeare, between the King and the Bishop :

The King : I have a good Cause, and a gracious God on my side.

Dr. Juxon : There is but one Stage more : This Stage is turbulent and troublesom. It is a short one. But you may consider, it will soon carry you a very great way ; it will carry you from Earth to Heaven, and there you shall find to your great joy the Prize ; you haste to a Crown of Glory.

The King : I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible Crown, where no disturbance can be.

Dr. Juxon : You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal Crown, a good Exchange.

Taking off his cloak and giving his George—the ensignia of the Garter—to the Bishop with the word "Remember," the King lay down, and placed his neck upon the block ; "and after a little pause, stretching forth his hands, the executioner at one blow severed his Head from his Body."

It was precisely at four minutes past two that the blow fell. The effect upon the watching crowds as

the executioner held up the head with the customary words, "Behold the head of a Traitor," has been described by one who was himself among them :

"The Blow I saw given, and can truly say with a sad heart ; at the instant whereof, I remember wel, there was such a Grone by the Thousands then present, as I never heard before and desire I may never hear again. There was according to Order one Troop immediately marching from-wards charing-cross to West^r and another from-wards West^r to charing-cross purposely to masker [i.e. distract] the people, and to disperse and scatter them, so that I had much adoe amongst the rest to escape home without hurt."³⁰

Of the circumstances attending the burial of the King, it will suffice to say that his body was denied interment in Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey, for fear of an outburst of public feeling at the funeral ; that after embalmment the body was taken to Windsor "in a Hearse covered with black velvet, drawn by six horses also cover'd in black," and being attended by the faithful Herbert, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Southampton and one or two others, was buried in St. George's Chapel on February 9, 1649. It is typical of the intolerance of the time that Bishop Juxon was not permitted to use the service for the

³⁰ *Diaries and Letters of Philip Henry, M.A.* (1631-96), p. 12, edited by Matthew Henry Lee, M.A., 1882.

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burial of the dead from the Book of Common Prayer.
Upon the coffin were these words only :

KING CHARLES.

1648.

“ This is memorable,” says Herbert, “ that at such time as the King’s Body was brought out of St. George’s Hall ; the Sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and fell so fast, as by that time they came to the West-end of the Royal Chappel, the black Velvet-Pall was all white (the colour of Innocency) being thick covered over with snow. So went the white King to his Grave, in the 48th Year of his Age, and the 22nd Year and 10th Month of his Reign. Letting pass Merlyn’s Prophecies, some make it allude to the white Sattin his Majesty wore, when he was crowned in Westminster Abbey in the year 1625, former Kings having on purple Robes at their Coronation.”

Nearly three centuries have crept by since that cold winter’s day of January 30, 1649. But despite “ the unimaginable touch of time,” and man’s marvellous capacity of forgetfulness, he cannot escape from the past, or flee from the shades of his ancestors.

The King and Cromwell survive, not simply as in their statues at Charing Cross and Westminster, with eyes staring vacantly upon the generations of men, but as insistent shades haunting every house

in England, and the homes of all English-speaking peoples beyond the seas. And it is just because they are still in reality very near to us, because they represent with such sincerity the eternal types of religion and politics, that it is so hard to survey their times with an impartial eye.

Certainly for close on a century and a half after its publication in 1702 Clarendon's majestic *History* influenced opinion decisively in favour of the King. It is significant that the commemoration service on January 30 of each year, "being the day of the martyrdom of King Charles the First," was not removed from the Prayer Book till 1859.³¹ Since the middle of the nineteenth century Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches* and Macaulay's *History and Essays* have, as decisively, influenced opinion in favour of Cromwell. Mr. S. R. Gardiner and Professor Firth, historians whom all students must profoundly venerate—where do they stand? The gigantic shade of Cromwell moves imperceptibly nearer as one asks the question.

On the point of personal might and genius there is, of course, no question at all: Cromwell can take his rank with the greatest men of the world. The mere fact that in little more than eighteen months after his death the whole system by which he had ruled collapsed, simply shows how immense was his personal power.

³¹ *The Church of England in the Eighteenth Century*, by Alfred Plummer, D.D., p. 169; 1910.

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But the fact of this complete collapse raises in itself the whole question of the justification of that revolution of which he was the animating and directing force. As I have ventured to suggest at the beginning of this essay, the form of the British Constitution, as we now know it, is a compromise between the best ideals underlying the conflict between the King and Cromwell. But for a century and a half following the Restoration both religious and political development was certainly more in accord with the King's than with Cromwell's notions of government. Not only during the greater part of this period was the Anglican Church supremely powerful, but it was also representatively popular. It is notorious that the Wesleyans, at the end of the eighteenth century the largest of the Nonconforming bodies, left, or were compelled to leave, the Anglican fold only with the utmost reluctance. And it is specially noteworthy that it was during the nineteenth century, when Nonconformity as a whole made its greatest stride in popular opinion, that Cromwell—with the aid, paradoxically enough, of that arch anti-democrat, Carlyle—has come to be regarded as the heroic figure of Democracy.

On the purely political side, it is almost bewildering to find a King of England, nearly a hundred and fifty years after the Cromwellian axe had severed Charles's head from his body, exercising his personal power to foil on vital occasions the policy of two of

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the greatest and most powerful Ministers this country ever had, the elder and the younger Pitt.

So far was Cromwell himself from applying the principles of representative government that he gloried in that ultimate argument of all tyrannies—necessity. In his speech at the meeting of the second Protectorate Parliament on September 17, 1656, in the course of his remarks justifying the odious experiment of government by Major-Generals, he said: "And I can rather act with comfort and simplicity on necessity than from all instituted things in the world!" And again: "But if nothing should ever be done but what is according to Law, the throat of the Nation may be cut while we send for some to make a Law!"³² No government in effect afforded a better illustration than Cromwell's of the King's celebrated aphorism from the scaffold: "A Subject and a Sovereign are clean different things." Cromwell, indeed, quickly discovered, when he came to rule the country, the perpetual problem of all governors and of all governments: he complained on September 2 (O.S.), 1653, in reference to the doings of the Little Parliament, that he was "more troubled now with the fool than before with the knave."³³

³² Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, Vol. II, p. 543, edited by Mrs. S. C. Lomas, 1904.

³³ *Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers*, Vol. II, 1377, p. 251. At the same time, it is only fair to point out that Cromwell did emphatically believe in representative government in normal times (the pity

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The question of the justification of the Cromwellian revolution cannot simply be met by the easy answer of the inevitability of historical events. That is merely an application to politics of the religious doctrine of predestination.

And the more research is made into the political-religious struggle of that particular period, the more insistent become the questions:—Need it all have happened as it did? Should we not have attained our modern constitutional compromise without the aid of the Cromwellian sword?—that is not to say without Cromwell, but is not the true significance of Cromwell—not the sword, but the spirit? At the least, was there not far more justification for the Royalist standpoint than has been allowed by most modern historians?

No one can read that brilliant contribution to historical knowledge and political theory, *The Divine Right of Kings*, by the late Dr. J. Neville Figgis, whose premature death will be for ever lamented by those who knew and loved him, without realising that the doctrine of Divine Right, derided only by

is that he himself was so largely responsible for originally making them abnormal), and Lord Morley has rather misconstrued one of Cromwell's speeches in the Army Council at Reading of July 16, 1647, "that's the question;—what's for their good, not what pleases them," in suggesting (pp. 232 and 492 of his *Oliver Cromwell*) that that particular remark there indicates any general theory; that this is not so is clear from the context [see Vol. III, *Letters and Speeches*, Lomas (1904) edition, p. 345].

the ignorant, not only had its practical justification in helping to free England from Papal supremacy—and, indeed, from all forms of ecclesiastical tyranny, whether Papal, Episcopal, or Presbyterian—but its spiritual justification in inculcating the basic duty of obedience. “Englishmen have cause for gratulation, that, in a time when the tendency is to loosen the bonds of allegiance and to proclaim (generally out of season) the morality of insurrection, there should still exist in the minds of the great majority of their countrymen a deep sense of the majesty of law and of the duty of obedience. This sense is the priceless legacy bequeathed to our own day by the believers in the Divine Right of Kings.”³⁴

But whatever may be the ultimate verdict of historians—perhaps generations hence, when the

³⁴ *The Divine Right of Kings*, p. 266, by John Neville Figgis, second edition, 1914; reprinted, 1922, by the Cambridge University Press.

Modern research has vindicated the practical virtue even of ship-money. Through it the King rehabilitated the Royal Navy, and asserted England's ancestral sovereignty of the narrow seas. The instructions drafted by Sir John Coke in 1635 explain: “Our seas, commonly called the four English seas, are much infested by men-of-war and others, tending to the denial and impeachment of that sovereignty, peculiar interest, and property which we and our progenitors, time out of mind, have had and enjoyed in the said seas. We have therefore now put our Navy in order for the maintenance of this right.” See Mr. G. E. Manwaring's learned *The Life and Works of Sir Henry Mainwaring*, Vol. I, pp. 228–9, and generally, printed for the Navy Records Society, 1920.

January 30, 1649

ghostly presence of the King and Cromwell are less insistently present—as to the justification for the Cromwellian revolution as a whole, there can be no question whatever as to the shock, and consequent reaction, in men's minds caused by the King's execution on January 30, 1649.

The evidence on this point is overwhelming ; indeed, the Restoration itself is the supreme witness. I am, however, able to add to the stock of testimony by the following vivid extract from a contemporary diary, the existence of which has hitherto been unknown to students, and which has never been published.³⁵

The diarist is the Reverend Samuel Woodforde, D.D., F.R.S. (1636–1701), who was a Prebendary of Winchester, and wrote *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David*. His testimony is the more weighty as he came of parents with deep Puritan sympathies. The entry was actually made in 1678, but, as will be seen, the diarist is turning his mind back to the days of his boyhood :

“ Concerning the late our Gracious Sovereign to this day I remember, that came at night as I was wont from St. Paul's schole I found the good old Man³⁶

³⁵ See Prefatory Note.

³⁶ His maternal grandfather, Robert Haunch, living in the parish of All Hallows, London Wall, sometime Master of the Weavers' Hall.

all in tears, as who truly thought the Glory was departed from Our Israel ; wond'ring at it, tho myself was concerned only as I saw my fellows, he so related it to me, and so impressed it by his tears and Laments, and the most ardent prayers wch [which] thereupon he put up (for I well remember he called the whole Family to Prayer upon the Occasion) that an abhorence was generated in me young as I was (about 13 years old) at the Party at whose anvils so great a wickedness was forged whc [which] blessed be God has to this day continued."

A SEVENTEENTH-
CENTURY JESTER:
JOHN DONNE
THE YOUNGER

A SEVENTEENTH-
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THE YOUNGER

AMONG the little-known poems of that beloved friend of Izaak Walton, Charles Cotton, is a cheerful one entitled "An Epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq.,"¹ in the course of which Cotton says :

"And here I cannot pretermit
To that Epitome of Wit,
Knowledge and Art, to him whom we
Saucily call, and I more saucily
Presume to write the little *d*.
All that your Language can improve
Of Service, Honour, and of Love :
After whose name the rest I know
Would sound so very flat and low,
They must excuse, if in this case
I wind them up *Et Caetera's*.

I was, at first, rather at a loss to know to whom Cotton was referring in these lines, but after reflection

¹ *Poems of Charles Cotton, 1630-1687* ; page 264 ; edited by the present writer, 1923.

I remembered that the great Dean of St. Paul's had a son, also John Donne, who had edited most of his father's works, though I was not aware he had written anything of his own.

Turning to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, I found a short notice of the younger Donne by that distinguished scholar, the late Canon Augustus Jessopp, a notice of very great severity, in which no single good word is said of the younger Donne's life, works, or character ; in short, he is represented as a dissolute and contemptible creature. But the good-natured praise bestowed on him by his contemporary Cotton, whose charm of character and genius has long been recognised by those intimate with his writings,² suggested to me that the younger Donne's personality might, possibly, not have been quite fully appreciated or represented by Canon Jessopp. Accordingly, I determined to probe further into this rather obscure corner of literary history. My researches have convinced me that the account given by Canon Jessopp is one-sided and unfair, and the present essay is an attempt to portray the younger Donne not as a mere

² To name only two out of many eminent men, Charles Lamb and the late Professor James Russell Lowell. It should be added that Cotton had a profound veneration for the memory of Donne's father, and his appreciation of the son is, therefore, I think the more weighty because it seems not improbable that Dr. Jessopp's admiration and scholarly reverence for the elder Donne has somewhat coloured his estimate of the younger's character, by contrast.

A Seventeenth-Century Jester

contemptible debauchee, but rather as an ingenuous and incorrigible jester, which such of his published works as exist unquestionably prove him to be. Canon Jessopp black-washes the younger Donne with very vigorous applications of the biographical brush. I do not intend to apply a reverse process of whitewash : I merely seek to scrape off some of the black and to show that the great Dean's son was not wholly unworthy.

The details of the younger Donne's life can be shortly given. He was the eldest son of the Dean by his wife, Ann More, being one of a family of twelve, and he was born in 1604. He was educated at Westminster, and Christ Church, Oxford,³ and in due course appears to have taken the B.A. and M.A. degrees. It was while at Oxford that a very ugly incident happened, which the relentless Canon Jessopp presents in its most lurid light. John Donne was riding with a friend when a small boy of eight startled the friend's horse. John Donne lost his temper and struck the boy on the head with his riding-whip. Three weeks afterwards the child died, and in due course Donne was tried for manslaughter. The incident actually happened in the autumn of 1633. The trial took place in the summer of 1634, and the following entry thereon is found in

³ According to Wood's *Fasti*, I, 503, the younger Donne was elected a student at Christ Church from Westminster in 1622.

Archbishop Laud's *History of his Chancellorship of Oxford* : ⁴

A.D. 1634. "John Dunn of C.C., master of arts, for the supposed killing of a boy, called Humphrey Dunt; and John Goffe" [for another alleged crime etc.] . . . "these two were legally tried before the under-steward of the University, Mr. Unton Crooke, the 26th of August, 1634, and acquitted."

From the records of the trial which are preserved at Oxford, it appears that the doctors could not testify to any particular cause of Humphrey Dunt's death, there being no appearance of hurt.

As represented by Canon Jessopp, we are left with the impression of Donne's guilt, despite the acquittal. Suspicion may or may not be justified in this case. Nevertheless, the result of the trial, as recorded with commendable precision by Archbishop Laud, is clear : Donne was acquitted. In passing it may be noted that Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the course of his biography of Donne's father, describes the circumstances much more fairly : ⁵ indeed, he protests against bitter animadversions in another part of his book (Vol. II, p. 311) . . . "there is no sense in denying to him (Donne the younger) the possession of every natural virtue." For, to do Dr. Jessopp justice, it must be admitted

⁴ The Works of Laud : *History of his Chancellorship*, Vol. V, p. 99. Anglo-Catholic Library Edition.

⁵ *Life and Letters of John Donne*, 1899, 2 vols.

that he is not alone in his biographical condemnation. The eminent historian of Oxford, Anthony à Wood (1632-95), thus refers to the younger Donne in his *Athenæ Oxonienses* (II, 503):⁶

“Our author Dr. Jo. Donne left behind him a son of both his names, but of none of his virtues, manners or generous qualities, and, therefore, by many his memory is condemned to utter oblivion.”

And again in the *Fasti* (I, 503):

“He . . . had all the advantages imaginable tendred to him to tread in the steps of his virtuous Father, but his nature being vile, he proved no better all his life time than an atheistical buffoon, a banterer, and a person of over-free thoughts.”

This latter passage is quoted by Dr. Jessopp as summing up the character of the younger Donne, but it is unfortunate that Dr. Jessopp stopped there, for Wood, after stating that Donne was “valued by King Charles II,” continues:

“On Feb. 23 an. 1662 was published or printed his fantastical and conceited will, on a broadside of a sheet of paper, wherein the humour of the person may be discovered.” (We shall quote this extraordinary document hereafter.)

“There is no doubt but that he was a man of

⁶ *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Bliss's edition, 1815; the passage occurs at the end of the notice of the elder Donne.

sense, and parts ; which, had they been applied to a good use, he might have proved beneficial in his generation."

Now this latter passage mitigates the severity of the former, at least it might be described as giving the devil his due. And when it is remembered that Wood himself was a very peevish fellow, though of profound learning, of whom it was said "that he never spake well of any man," we need not accept his judgment as final. Indeed, we might add that Wood's biographer in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, speaking of the "bitter feelings" aroused at the time by the publication of the *Athenæ Oxonienses* and *Fasti* in 1691-2, says : "Wood was himself fond of severe reflections, and all through his work had adopted reckless charges and criticisms."

We must return to the bare details of Donne's life before proceeding to examine his literary efforts, by which it will be submitted his true character is revealed. Between 1634 and 1638 Donne was, apparently, in Italy, at the University of Padua, where he took the degree of "Doctor of the Civil Law," and in the latter year the same degree was conferred on him by the University of Oxford. About this time he also appears to have been ordained, and between the years 1638 and 1640 two or three livings were conferred upon him by various patrons. But he was not cut out to be a parish priest, and, in fact, he does not

appear to have devoted much time to the usual parochial duties. It is noteworthy that from 1640 to 1662 he dates his letters "from my house in Covent Garden."⁷

In a letter to Edward Carter, Esq., preserved in the University Library at Cambridge, the younger Donne makes a spirited defence, however, against the charge of slackness :

"Since I lived in this parish I have published a volume of eighty sermons preached by my Father, and have prepared sixty more which are licensed and entered in the Printers' Halle ; which is as farr as I can drive them untill the times allter. . . . Sir, I write this to you that you may judge what a sad condition a schollar is in, when, at a public vestry of this parish, I was told by a pitifull ignorant baker I was an idle man and never preached."⁸

I have said that Donne was not cut out to be a parish priest, and, indeed, it seems he was not cut out for Ordination at all. Apparently he was a person, to use Wood's expression, "of over-free thoughts," or, at any rate, occasionally of over-free expression of them. Probably it is this fact that has coloured Dr. Jessopp's judgment of his character. And here it should be stated that the responsibility for his son's adoption of an ecclesiastical career appears to lie, in

⁷ *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, Vol. IV, p. 307.

⁸ Zouch's edition of Walton's *The Life of Dr. Donne*, with original notes by an antiquary (1865).

part at least, with the Dean, his father. The latter, in the course of a letter to his friend, Mrs. Cokain, says :

“ But, my noble Sister, though I am far from drawing my son un maturely into orders, or putting into his hands any Church with cure ; yet there are many prebends and other helps in the Church which a man without taking orders may be capable of, and for some such I might change a living with cure, and so begin to accommodate a son in some preparation.”⁹

Again, in a letter dated 1625, in which he appears to contemplate that his son would be his literary executor, the Dean, referring to some eighty sermons he has revised, says : “ Of which my son, who, I hope, will take the same profession, or some other in the world of understanding, may hereafter make some use.” As Mr. Gosse¹⁰ points out, this letter would seem to contradict the suggestion that Donne wrongfully¹¹ got hold of his father’s manuscripts after his death, a suggestion based on a cryptic passage in a letter from Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, to Izaak Walton : “ How these ” (the papers, which the Dean is said to have entrusted to King, though no mention

⁹ *Sir Tobie Matthew’s Letters*, p. 353.

¹⁰ Gosse’s *The Life and Letters of John Donne*, Vol. II, p. 310.

¹¹ Dr. Jessopp, in his *John Donne* (his life of the Dean), puts the most unfavourable construction on the younger Donne’s taking over his father’s papers, and speaks of this “ outrage ” (pp. 216–17).

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is made of it in his will) "were got out of my hands, you, who were the messenger of them, and how lost both to me and yourself, is not now seasonable to complain."¹² If it was not then "seasonable to complain," we, who enjoy the fruits of the younger Donne's editorial labours, must regard it as still less seasonable now. On the contrary, we are under a deep debt of gratitude to the younger Donne for his careful preservation of his father's works. As Mr. Gosse handsomely acknowledges, he did "more than anyone else to preserve his (the elder Donne's) reputation and prestige."¹³ The following list of his father's works which the younger Donne published will sufficiently testify to his editorial industry :

LXXX Sermons	1640
Biathanatos, etc.	1648
Fifty Sermons	1649
Poems	1650
Essays in Divinity	1651
Letters	1651
Paradoxes, Problems, etc.	1652
XXVI Sermons	1661

In addition to these works of his father, the younger Donne also edited *A Collection of Letters made by Sir Tobie Matthew*, in 1660, and the poems of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, in the same year.

¹² Walton's *Life of Dr. Donne*, ed. Zouch, I, pp. 22, 24.

¹³ Gosse's *The Life and Letters of John Donne*, Vol. I, p. 128.

Prefaces are prefixed to each of the works Donne edited, and it will be useful to notice such of these as throw some light on his life and character.

The *LXXX Sermons*, published in 1640, were dedicated to King Charles I. According to a statement made by Donne in his 1661 edition of the *XXVI Sermons*, that king had sent for him and ordered him to re-collect and publish his father's sermons. In the same (1661) edition is also printed a letter which the Bishop of Peterborough sent to Donne (the younger) in 1640, on the latter's presenting him with a copy of the *LXXX Sermons*. In the course of his letter the Bishop says : " How well may your Parishioners pardon your silence to them for a while, since by it you have preached to them and their children's children, and to all our English Parishes for ever."

In his edition of his father's treatise, *Βιαθανατος* ; "a declaration of that Paradox or Thesis that self-homicide is not so naturally sinne, that it may never be otherwise," Donne writes a dedicatory preface "to the Right Hon. The Lord Philip Harbert," in the course of which he wittily explains :

" It [the treatise] was writ long since by my Father, and by him forbid both the Presse, and the Fire ; neither had I subjected it now to the publique view, but that I could finde no certain way to defend it from the one, but by committing it to the other ; for, since the beginning of the War my study having been often searched, all my books, and almost my brains,

by their continuall alarums sequestered, for the use of the Committee ; two dangers appeared more eminently to hover over this, being then a Manuscript, a danger of being utterly lost, and a danger of being utterly found; and fathered by some of those wild Atheists, who as if they came into the World by conquest owne all other mens wits, and are resolved to be learned in despite of their Starres, that would fairly have inclined them to a more modest, and honest course of life."

The *Fifty Sermons*, 1649, were dedicated by Donne to the " Right Hon. Basil, Earle of Denbigh, my very good Lord and Patron." He also took care to enlist the support of the Commonwealth authorities before publishing this book, in order that he might deliver it to the world under their protection. In his 1661 edition of the *XXVI Sermons* he apologises for having, as it were, thus compounded with the Cromwellians in 1649 ; he explains that by so doing he saved the sermons from burning at the hands of the public executioner, and thus helped to maintain

" the banks of the Church, against that torrent of Heretiques, that did then invade her . . . for now began to swarme and muster the Ebionites, Sabellians, Jovinians, Eutichians, Corpocratians, Sethians, Cerinthians, Theodotians, Nicolaitans, Samocetanians, Apolenarians, Montaneans, all against the second Person of the Trinity."

You can almost hear Donne mouthing out this jibe

Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

at the expense of the Sectarians, who had so lately thundered forth from many an Anglican pulpit. But in these prefaces he does not always jest, though usually there is a half-jest tucked away somewhere. His preface to the 1651 edition of his father's letters, which he dedicated "to the most virtuous and excellent Lady M^{rs} Bridget Dunch," is a good example of his command of condensed and distinguished style. He begins:

"MADAM,—

"It is an argument of the Immortality of the Soul, that it can apprehend, and imbrace such a Conception; and it may be some kinde of Prophecy, of the continuance and lasting of these Letters that having been scattered, more than Sybils leaves, I cannot say into parts, but corners of the World, they have re-collected and united themselves, meeting at once, as it were, at the same Spring from whence they flowed, but by Succession."

Then as he proceeds he cannot resist a small jest :

"One beame of your Grace and Favour . . . will quicken it [this remnant of the dead Author] with a new Spirit and defend it from all fire (the fate of most Letters) but the last."

And in his introduction to the edition of his father's *Paradoxes, etc.*, in 1652, there is this very delightful illustration of his argument that his father's youthful efforts are as worthy of note as those of his ripper judgment :

Of Solomon, we have the Song, as well as the Proverbs ; Joseph is presented to us in his gay and painted Coat of many Colours, as in his Chair of State, when he sate over Egypt ; we see David as well a ruddie youth, and jolly shepherd, as a grave King, and holy Prophet ; and perhaps he did as much with his Pibble and Sling then, as he did after with his whole Army."

This passage is, indeed, a piece of self-revelation : for the younger Donne, up to the day of his death, looked in life for the gay and painted coat of many colours, with the eager longing of a child.

The latest editorial effort of the younger Donne, as regards his father's writings, was the edition of the *XXVI Sermons*, in 1661. We have already had occasion to refer to this edition, as it throws more light than his other editorial labours on his own life and character. He dedicated the *Sermons* to King Charles II, but doubtless he had his tongue in his cheek when he speaks "of that exemplar Piety, that reigns in your Sacred Majesty, which will be a living Sermon even to those Reverend Pastors " appointed to restore the Church and to awaken " the Light of the Gospel, which we could never have expected but by your Glorious Return, or a new Fiat." The preface to the Reader contains some more jesting on the pecuniary position of editors, and a really brilliant "mot" on the subject of reversions. He begins ingenuously :

“When the Jews intended the building of the Temple, their wise King Solomon sent to Hiram many thousand measures of corn, knowing that the Fellers of Timber, the hewers of stone, and those that bore the burden, must be provided for as well as the great Officers, the Overseers. *Fac hoc et vires*, was often repeated to me when I undertook this work, and a fair reward was promised me ; but at last I am constrained *hoc facere ut vivam*, to publish them at my own cost that I may sell them ; which I had not been able to perform, if I had not been assisted by the bounty of our most Honourable Lord Chancellor,¹⁴ (who is not only content that the Churches should be furnished with good Preachers, but that these Preachers should have good Sermons), and I am to rest satisfied with that Text, that tells us, that ‘to those that have much, more shall be given ; and those that have nothing (and there is nothing so near of Kin to Nothing, as a Reversion), that that they have shall be taken away.’ ”

We need not refer in detail to the editions of *Sir Tobie Matthew's Letters*, or *Lord Pembroke's Poems*, both of which Donne introduced to the public. The prefaces to both are conceived in his usual style, for it will already have been apparent that he was an incorrigible jester. His preface to the edition of the Pembroke poems is interesting, as in it he claims kinship with the Herbert family, which is likely enough, as the Donnes were themselves of Welsh

¹⁴ The great Lord Clarendon.

descent. Moreover, there is a mordant description of the depressing effect of the Cromwellian regime on literature. He speaks of Pembroke's poetic fame having

"lain asleep in all this noise of Drums and Trumpets, when all the Muses seemed to be fled, and to have left nothing behind them, but a few lame Iambicks, canting at the corners of our desolate streets. . . ."

We have thus far followed Donne's career as an editor of the works of others, in the main of his very distinguished father. We have now to show him as an author on his own account. In 1662 was printed "by R.W. for M. Wright, at the King's Head in the Old Bailey," a small book with the following curious title-page :

Donne's
Satyr.

Containing

- 1. A short Map of Mundane Vanity.
- 2. A Cabinet of Merry Conceits.
- 3. Certain pleasant Propositions and Questions,
with their merry Solutions and Answers.

Being very Useful, Pleasant and Delightful
to all ; and offensive to none.

By Jo. Donne.

Donne died early in 1663, so that this work, apart

from his extraordinary will, is our last view of his odd personality. Canon Jessopp thus refers to this book: "Some months before his death he issued a very gross volume in small 8vo, entitled *Donne's Satyr*, etc."¹⁵ "A very gross volume!" With this description in my mind, it was with a sense almost of guilty indecency that I asked for this book in the Reading Room at the British Museum. A tiny volume was in due course handed to me, so small as though in itself it were but the jest of a book, measuring about four and a half inches by three and a half, and about half an inch thick. First of all I read the "Epistle Dedicatory," addressed "to the Right Worshipful and his very good Friend, Sir Francis Edwardes Baronet, and to his truly virtuous Mother, the right Worshipful Lady, Sicely Edwardes of Shrewsbury, in the County of Salop, Widow, the Author entirely wisheth the full accomplishment of their choice desires both here, and hereafter." This seemed super-eminently respectable. Then followed the preface. This contained some exceedingly amusing writing, but nothing in the smallest degree indecent or even mildly improper. Thereafter I

¹⁵ Canon Jessopp proceeds: "Two or three times during the last forty years certain of his manuscript remains have found their way into the market . . . they are full of the most shocking indecencies." One or two of the younger Donne's MS. letters are quoted by a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, Vol. IV, p. 149. The worst that could be said of them is that they are a trifle coarse.

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read the verses or small rhymes of which the three parts of the book, "the Map," "the Cabinet," and "pleasant Propositions," consist. The great majority of these are harmless jokes, witticisms, or apophthegms in verse. A few contain rather broad jests, the sort of things Falstaff says now and again, and which, surely, are infinitely preferable to, and far more amusing than, the stale jokes with their flagrant vulgarities and "double entendre" which make up so much of modern musical comedy. A very few might be described as "gross" by a modern reader. And here again it might be argued that obvious grossness is less harmful than the indecent suggestion which characterises certain works of modern fiction. But the truth is, it is not worth while for one generation to cast a stone at another in these matters, nor is it profitable to over-emphasise this side of literature or life. In any case, to condemn this strange work as "a very gross volume" seems to me a mere misuse of language, giving a quite unfair impression of the book and its author.

As this work has never been reprinted (and quite probably never will be), is wholly unknown to-day save possibly to one or two odd students of seventeenth-century literature, is so eccentric as to be a literary curiosity, and, finally, calls into one's very presence the shade of a strange personality who lived nearly three centuries ago, I propose to give the reader some idea of its contents. I trust the passages I have

selected will cause the same quiet and harmless amusement which they caused me when I transcribed them from the rare and tiny book, which takes up an almost invisible fraction of space in the vast book-shelves of the British Museum.

And first of the preface, which explains that the merry conceits were "penn'd at some interims of leisure for mine own private recreation then, but for yours [his Patron's] now," for after the miseries of the Commonwealth period a little refreshment should follow; "after melancholy mirth is the more musical, sweet, acceptable, delightful and pleasant. . . ." He has "pretermitted divine matters, for, *non ludendum cum sanctis*, remembering that the Fly playing with the candle had his wings clipped for his over-boldness." Nor does he meddle with State affairs, nor point at particular persons. Then follows a brilliant piece of rapier-thrusting at those who would enjoy the best of both worlds, Cromwellian or Royalist :

"Since this late, though long desir'd thrice happy Alteration, far beyond the expectation of humane wit (for therein was *digitus Dei*, the visible power of the invisible Divine Providence perspicuously manifested to all the World), very many, and those great ones too, who though they had the cream of former times, have clean turn'd Cat in pan, and would have all (if it might be) they finde such sweetness in it. Indeed it was long since a remarkable Machiavellian Maxime, that *qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere* (i.e.)

who cannot dissemble cannot live ; which though it were a Heathenish speech, yet was never put more in practice then [than] in these Phanatick times ; for he that cannot metamorphose his shape like Proteus, vary his hiew like the Polypus, change his colour like the Camelson, bear two faces under a hood like Janus, comply with every Planet like Mercury, vary and change like the Moon constantly, turn with the weathercock, adulate with Aristippus, equivocate with Synon, dissemble with Gnatho, hunt with the Hound, and hold with the Hare, carry fire in the one hand, and water in the other ; and in a word, who cannot temporise at all times, with all persons, and in all places, that man knows not how to look or live in this hypocritical, perverse, and crooked Generation. I remember a Jeast, as I heard father'd upon Dr. Pearn a Cantabrigian in the time of Hen. 8. in whose Reign there was much chopping and changing in matters Religious, and still this Dr. temporis'd and turn'd with them at a hairs breadth ; who being a notable bone Companion, and invited to a great Feast, after dinner was ended, he very pleasantly cull'd out a Gentlewoman there to dance with him, whom after a little tracing he highly applauded her her excellent dancing (as indeed she merited no less) ; she thanking him for her undeserved commendations, retorts this jear upon him ; Truly Mr. Dr. I must ingeniously confess I can dance indifferent well, but I cannot turn so well as you ; whereat the whole company then present laughed very heartily."

And then in the way of raconteurs who once embarked, crowd on more sail, he goes on :

“ Another Gentleman in an eminent office at Court in the K. Henry’s Reign, kept ever a correspondence with the times, let them turn how they would he weigh’d not, when as others that had a more tender conscience were displac’d and lost all ; which some well observing, ask’d him how he could hold in such difficult times as those were : Pish (quoth he) ye are all fools, *ego salice fio, non ex quercu* ; I am made of the tractable and pliable Willow, and not of the inflexible and stubborn oak.”

This leads our jester to a short disquisition on the oak-like qualities of Royalists, with an appropriate reference to the tree in which “ his most Sacred Majesty, when his innocent integrity was most eagerly pursued after by those raging and ravening, blood-seeking and blood-sucking wolves,” found “ a most happy Asylum.”

We are now come to the “ Satyr ” itself, divided into its three parts—the “ Map of Mundane Vanity,” the “ Cabinet of Merry Conceits,” and “ Certain pleasant Propositions and Questions, etc.” Each part has its own particular flavour, though the jesting spirit runs through them all, sometimes cynically, sometimes and most often quite ingenuously, as though our odd friend were at heart but a simple soul, for whom life always kept its schoolboy side uppermost, and sometimes half-sadly and poetically. Here are my transcriptions from “ A short Map of Mundane Vanity ” (the number of each short piece is that of the sequence in the book itself) :

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1. Of Mundane Vanity.

When Solomon had tried all variety
Of mundane pleasures, ev'n to full satiety ;
And after throughly weigh'd the world's condition,
And therein man's : concludes with this Position,
All that man can in this wide world inherit,
Is vain, and but vexation of the spirit.

2. Of the World.

The World's much like a fair deceitful Nut,
Whereto when once the knife of truth is put,
And it is open'd, a right judicious eye
Findes nothing in't, but meer vacuity.

3. Of the same.

The World's a Book, all Creatures are the Story,
Wherein God reads dumb lectures of his Glory.

4. Another of the same.

Earth is the Womb from whence all living come,
So is't the tomb, all go unto the same ;
And as at first all naked thence were born,
So as naked thither all at last return ;
Unless they carry thence a Winding sheet,
To hide their weak frail nakedness, most meet.

19. Of Humane Knowledge.

All humane knowledge when it comes to trial,
Is like the Storke's meat in a close mouth'd vial ;
The Fox look'd, lik'd, lick'd, long'd (but not a pin
The better) he ne're toucht the meat within.

24. *Of Pleasure.*

Pleasure's a short sweet dance of joy and gladness,
With sport begun, soon done, and ends in sadness.

28. *Of Marriage.*

Folkes wedded are like guests at a great feast,
Having well fed would gladly be releast ;
The unmarried fain would in their room be plac't,
That (hungry) they of their good cheer might taste.

36. *Of Man's Life.*

The whole course of man's life is every way
Directly (if we note) but as one day ;
The same things, or the like we daily plain
Do re-act o're and o're, and o're again :
Why do we not (as cloid) then loathe this light ?
Because life ne're so bitter still is sweet.

37. *Another of the same, and of the brevity thereof.*

Man's life's compar'd to many things I finde,
For Job doth similise it to the winde ;
James to a vapour, Esay¹⁶ unto grass,
David t'a shadow, Paul unto a race,
Some to a sleep, and others to a dream,
And some to the swift running of a stream ;
Some to a Poast, some to a shuttle flung,
Some to a span, some to a tale or song ;
Some to a bubble in a showre of rain,
Which soon is up, and soon is out again :

¹⁶ Esay—Isaiah.

A Seventeenth-Century Jester

Some to a cobweb as soon marr'd as made,
And some to a fair flower which soon doth fade ;
All which (with many more) do shew (in brief)
The swift celerity of man's short life.

The last two of these selections from the "Map of Mundane Vanity" show that the younger Donne might have written poetry if he had wished. I find myself repeating over the two lines :

"Why do we not (as cloid) then loathe this light ?
Because life ne're so bitter still is sweet."

There is beauty there, and truth and simplicity, and one feels that for a moment the mummer has dropped his mask. And the other "Of the same and of the brevity thereof," by the accumulation of beautiful biblical similes, achieves an extraordinary atmosphere of the evanescence of things.

Placed between the "Map" and the "Cabinet" is a folded page, which, being opened, you find contains two little verses set side by side. One consists of a jibe at the Roundheads, and the other a panegyric of the Cavaliers. At the bottom of the page is this note :

"For these verses (which were sent to a Gentleman and miscarried) I lay long time in Prison in Marchal Hopton's house, the year afore the last great Sickness in Shrewsbury. Anno Dom."

This note warms one's heart to the younger Donne.

He must have been a very human fellow ; and there is something singularly pleasing in this ingenuous way of recording so untoward an event, solely due to his incorrigible custom of joking.

The " Cabinet of Merry Conceits " consists of a series of jests on a great variety of everyday seventeenth-century topics, the signs of the Zodiac being one of them. But first we begin with an everyday topic of all the ages :

2. Of the Sun Tavern.

One staggering out of the Sun Tavern came,
And being far in drink, and out of frame,
A friend him meets and greets, but not a word
This stupefied Sot could him afford ;
And if he did (a wager might be laid)
He would not stand to anything he said ;
His face being foully fleckt, and both his eyes
With drink main red, his friend to him thus cries,
I know where you were late I'll hold a gun,
For your face shows that you were in the Sun.

5. Of Galaxia, via lactea, or the Milky Way in Heaven.

One asking whence, and upon what occasion,
This Heavenly Sign had first its appellation ;
Another to him merrily reply'd,
That at the latter end of Christmastide,
The Gods and Goddesses then each with either
Agreeing for to wastle altogether ;
Fair Ganimedes was by Jove's command
As messenger dismissed out of hand,

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To fetch some milk, who coming back again
With a great bowl, the Dog-star bark'd amain,
And he being sore afraid lest it would bite him,
The Moon then being under cloud to light him,—
He at a star, for want of light, then stumbled,
And therewith fell, and all the milk down tumbled ;
So that e're since that time, till this day even,
Star-gazers call't the Milky way in Heaven.

7. Of certain Constellations in Heaven.

One telling that besides the Planets seven,
There's a great number of strange signs in heaven ;
As the Pleiades, Charles wain, Orion,
Castor and Pollux, Tiger, Dragon, Lion,
Arturus Yard, Bootes, Pellican,
The Dolphin, Galaxia, and the Swan,
The Bull, the greater and the lesser Bear,
And the Dog-star unto them very near ;
One hearing him said flat, he'd not believe it,
Although for real truth he out might give it ;
Did you e're see or hear (quoth he), say right,
The Dog-star bark, Bull roar, or those Bears bite.
For in the Moonshine I've oft lookt and waited,
Yet ne're saw Bull or Bear by that Dog baited.

8. Of a falling Meteor.

An Astrologian in a moonshine night
Taking the altitude of a star's height
With 's Jacob's staff erected towards the sky,
It chanc'd a Meteor fell down instantly,

At which a country Clown a great shout making,
His Jacob's staff then for a Crossbow taking,
Thinking he'd hit a star, unto him saith,
Thou'rt a brave marks-man, O well shot i' faith.

61. *A Jeer on a Servant.*

One took some Flyes out of a cup, and when
He himself had drunk, he put them in again :
My reason is (quoth he) to tell thee true,
I love not Flyes, but may be some here do.

But the jest that gives me most pleasure is this
about the Oxford Scholars :

III. *Of three Oxford Scholars and an ancient Gentleman.*

Three Oxford Scholars to a tavern came
Awhile for to make merry at the same ;
And finding there one stricken far in years,
Did set upon him all with shouts and jeers.
The first man said, that to salute him came,
" God save ye good old Father Abraham " ;
The second with a pretty congey meets him
And with " God save ye Father Isaac " greets him.
The third to jeer him in the self-same guise,
" God save ye good old Father Jacob " cries.
Th' old man thus flouted by them altogether,
Sayes, " I am not Abraham, Isaac, Jacob neither ;
Wherefore forbear your shouts I you do wish,
For I indeed am Saul, the son of Kish,
Who for to seek my Father's asses came
From far, and here have found the same."

We will close our selections from the "Cabinet" with a conceit of quite another kind, in which the younger Donne for a moment lets the poetry in him creep out, though only in four short lines, lines which would have honoured Herrick :

113. *Of a new-born Babe dying.*

I dyed as soon as in the World I came,
Depriv'd of Baptism and without a Name.
In Book of life then nameless me record,
For my hope's only in thy Name (O Lord).

The book ends with "certain pleasant Propositions and Questions, with their merry Solutions and Answers." These are not, I think, quite up to the odd standard of the "Map" or the "Cabinet," and I give only two as examples of this part :

4

Q. Tell me, I pray what kinde of Apple was't
In *Eden Eve* gave *Adam* for to taste?

A. A *Bitter sweet* we truly it may call,
For it prov'd so to them, and to us all ;
'Twas pleasant to the sight, sweet to the taste,
But bitter when from *Eden* they were cast :
And so that bitter sweet proves unto all,
Redeem'd by faith in Christ from Satan's thrall.

5

Q. Why did God say, let's make an Helper meet
For man, in that society is sweet?

A. She prov'd indeed no less, for in a trice
She help'd poor *Adam* out of Paradise.

Appended to the last part of the book is "A Merry May Song for this year of our Lord, 1662. To a pleasant tune." This song cannot be said to have particular poetic merit, but there is a pleasant verse about the country flowers :

The Primrose meet
And the Cowslip sweet,
The Harebel, the Crowes-foot, and Dazie ;
The Bolt upright,
And the Lady smock-white,
You may there take up if it please ye.

This poem must have been the last composition of John Donne the younger, for he appears to have died early in the year 1663. At any rate, his will was printed on February 23 in that year, and from that time there seems to be no further record of him.

We may fittingly close our review of the life and character of the younger Donne with his will, "wherein," as Wood observed, "the humour of the person may be discovered." Already it will have been apparent that John Donne the younger was at least no ordinary mortal. Of the details of his private life little is known : it is but conjecture that he is the John Donne who was married to Mary Staples at Camber-

well Church on March 27, 1627.¹⁷ We can only get to know what manner of man he really was by examining his literary work, and this work, as I have attempted to show, proves that, whatever else he was, he was certainly one of those relatively rare persons, who go through life with a jest on their lips. And the vast majority of his recorded jests are not gross, and represent his personality in no unamiable light. This is all I have attempted to show. I feel that Canon Jessopp's account in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is unfair in that it stresses only the unpleasant side of a curious life : the incident at Oxford, his apparently unpastoral clerical career, the alleged "grossness" of his writings, the unfavourable opinion of the mordant Anthony à Wood. Against this I have stressed his acquittal in the Oxford affair, his invaluable labours as an editor of his father's works, the harmless pleasantry of by far the larger published part of his small literary output, and the kindly opinion entertained of him by the charming Cotton.

Finally, I plead that he should be taken merely as himself, and not with a backward glance at the beautiful figure of his father. Great men may suffer from small sons, but small sons also suffer from great fathers. And now we will read the will.¹⁸

¹⁷ *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1835.

¹⁸ The text is that given in Sir Harris Nicolas's authoritative edition of *The Compleat Angler*, 1836, pp. cxlix-cl.

Dr. Donne's (the younger's) last Will and Testament.
July 21, 1657.

Video meliora proboque.

A Dieu mon droit.

Dieu est mon droit.

In the name of God, Amen. I, John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, being at this time in good and perfect understanding, do hereby make my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following : First, I give my good and gracious God an intire sacrifice of body and soul with my most humble thanks, for that his blessed spirit imprints in me now an assuredness of salvation of one, and the resurrection of the other ; and for that constant and cheerful resolution which the same spirit established in me, to live and dye in the same religion established in England by the known law. In expectation of the resurrection, I desire that my body may be buried in the most private manner that may be, in the church-yard of the parish where I now live, without the ceremony of calling any officers. And I desire to be carried to my grave by the ordinary bearers of the dead, without troubling any of my friends, or letting them know of my death by any means but by being put in the earth. And I desire my executor to interpret my meaning in this request by my word, and not by his own discretion ; who, peradventure, for fashion sake, and apprehending we shall never meet, may think to order things better for my credit ; (God be thanked) I have not lived by juggling, therefore I desire to dye and be buried without any : and not having (as I hope) been burdensome to my friends in my life, I would not load their shoulders being dead.

I desire and appoint the Right Honourable Jerome, Earl of Portland, to be my executor, hoping that for all his cares of me, and kindnesses to me, he will undertake to see this my Will punctually performed, especially concerning my burial. To the most excellent, good, kind, virtuous, honourable Lady Portland, I give all the rest that I have in this Will unbequeathed : and I do not this foolishly (as may at the first sight appear), because my lord is my executor, but because I know it will please the gaiety of her humour, which ought to be preserved for all their sakes that have the honour and happiness to be known unto her. To the Right Honourable the Lord Newport, I bequeath the picture of St. Anthony, in a round frame. To my very good friend, Mr. John Harvy, the picture of the Samaritan, by whose kindness I have been often refreshed. To my good friend, Mr. Chr. Gise, Sir Thomas Moor's head, which upon my conscience I think was not more ingenious than his own. And I write this rather as a commemoration than a legacy, for I have always made a difference between kindnesses and courtesies. To Mr. George Pitt, I give the picture of my Dutch Fair, which is full of business, but where there is always room for a kindness. And I brag of the favours I received from him, because they came not by chance. To my cousin, Henry Stafford, son to my kind friend, Mr. William Stafford, I give all my printed books, which although they are of no great value, yet they may seem proportionable to his youth, and may serve as a memorial to incline him to be as indulgent to poor scholars as his father and grandfather have been

before him. And by this means I give not only a legacy, but entail it upon other men that deserve their kindness. To my honourable friend, Sir Allen Broderick, I give my cedar table, to add a fragour to his excellent writing. To my kind friend, Mr. Tho. Killigrew, I give all my doves, that something may descend upon a courtier that is an emblem of kindness and truth. To my servant, Mary Web, if she be with me at the time of my death, I give all my linen that belongs to my personal use, and forty shillings above her wages, if it does not appear that she hath occasioned my death ; which I have often lived in fear of, but being alone could never help, although I have often complained of my sad condition to my nearest relations, 'twas not fit to trouble others. To Mr. Isaac Walton, I give all my writings under my father's hand, which may be of some use to his son, if he makes him a scholar. To the Reverend Bishop of Chichester, I return that cabinet that was my father's, now in my dining-room, and all those papers which are of authors analysed by my father ; many of which he hath already received with his Common Place Book, which I desire may pass to Mr. Walton's son, as being more likely to have use for such a help, when his age shall require it. These four sides of this small paper being written by my own hand, I hope will be a sufficient testimony that this is my last Will. And such trivial things were not fit for a greater ceremony than my own hand and seal, for I have lived alwaies without all other witnesses but my own conscience, and I hope I have honestly discharged that. I have in a paper annexed something at this present ;

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and may do some things hereafter, which I presume my most honourable good Lord of Portland will see performed.

JOHN DONNE.

When I made this Will I was alone ; afterwards I desired my good friends the Earl of Marleburgh, and Mr. Glascocke to witness it.

WITNESSES :

MARLEBURGH

WILL. GLASCOCKE

Which was in November the 2d, 1661.

JOHN DONNE.

Non curo quid de me Judicet haeres. Hor.

Printed February 23, 1662[-3].

ANNE HYDE:
EARLY LIFE
AND MARRIAGE
(1637-60)

ANNE HYDE :
EARLY LIFE
AND MARRIAGE
(1637-60)

“THE duchess of York was a very extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things. She soon understood what belonged to a princess, and took state on her, rather too much. She writ well, and had begun the duke’s life, of which he showed me a volume ; it was all drawn from his journal : and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on. She was bred to great strictness in religion, and practised secret confession. Morley told me he was her confessor ; she began at 12, and continued under his direction till, upon her father’s disgrace, he was put from the court. She was generous and friendly ; but was too severe an enemy.” This portrait of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, is by the master-hand of Bishop Burnet,¹ who was personally acquainted with most of the outstanding and, for us, romantic figures who pass across the

¹ Burnet’s *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, pp. 298-9 (Airy’s edition, 1897).

stage of history from the Restoration to the age of Anne.

In a period when so many eminent persons wrote memoirs and diaries, it is a pity that very little has come down to us from the pen of Anne Hyde herself ; her life of her husband, to which Burnet refers, has not survived. On the other hand, the circumstances of her career were so extraordinary that those who watched events, and wrote about them, either in the thrilling and romantic way of Count Hamilton, or the grand and historical way of Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet and the Duke of York himself—afterwards King James II—or of the self-revealing, minute, and brilliant way of Pepys, or the courtly and pleasant way of Evelyn, have told us, perhaps, all we need to know. For during the greater part of her relatively short life Anne Hyde moved in the centre of society, and the record of her career throws a shaft of light on that fascinating, swiftly moving and vital scene with which the name of Charles II is for ever associated.

In accompanying Anne Hyde along the ways she walked two and a half centuries and more ago, we shall rub shoulders with all the world : with kings and queens, ministers of state and bishops, soldiers and sailors, men of letters and painters of pictures, and plain wayfaring men and women, with all those, indeed, who make up the coloured throng of life. And not a person is uninteresting, for it seems that whatever else men or women were in that much-

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criticised age, they were not dull ; bores were not tolerated, and, in truth, hardly seem to have existed.

Above all, it was a time of the most extraordinary contrasts. People are too apt to associate the period of the Restoration with mere wickedness or frivolity. But in contrast to a vicious buffoon like the Duke of Buckingham, there is the splendid figure of Lord Clarendon ; to the brutal Colonel Blood, the holy and worshipful Izaak Walton ; to the frivolous talent of Rochester, the tremendous genius of Milton.² And even a man like Buckingham was not wholly contemptible, for he had a brilliant wit, and as a politician has, to his great credit, his consistent advocacy of religious toleration. Moreover, while Charles II himself is always remembered for the number and beauty of his mistresses, he is sometimes forgotten as the founder of the Royal Society, and the patron of literature and of art.

Had that pleasant and unassuming Wiltshire country gentleman, Mr. Henry Hyde, of Dinton, been told before his death that his third son, Edward, would become Lord High Chancellor of England and Earl of Clarendon, that his granddaughter, Anne Hyde, would become Duchess of York, and his great-granddaughters Mary and Anne Queens of England, it may be conjectured that he might, from sheer awe

² A great part of *Paradise Lost* and all *Paradise Regained* were written after the Restoration. Milton died in 1674.

and astonishment, have died of an apoplexy sooner than he actually did—in the year 1632. It is of him of whom his son, in his autobiography, has left a very perfect picture, and of whom he spoke “as not only the best Father but the best Friend and the best Companion he ever had or could have,”³ that Bishop Burnet relates an anecdote which he says Lord Clarendon told Lady Ranelagh :

“He (his son Edward), when he began to grow eminent in his profession, came down to see his aged father, a gentleman of Wiltshire, and, one day, as they were walking in the fields together, his father told him that men of his profession did often stretch law and prerogative to the prejudice of the liberty of the subject, to recommend and advance themselves ; so he charged him, if ever he grew to any eminence in his profession, that he should never sacrifice the laws and liberties of his country to his own interest, or to the will of a prince. He repeated this twice : and immediately he fell into a fit of an apoplexy, of which he died in a few hours.”⁴

Burnet relates this story which Clarendon has not recorded in his autobiography, the circumstances of his father's death being there rather differently described, to illustrate the great Lord Clarendon's regard for “the ancient liberties of England, as well as for

³ Clarendon's *Life*, p. 18 (ed. 1761). The Hydes were a very old Cheshire family, but a younger branch had moved into Wiltshire.

⁴ Burnet's *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, p. 276 (Airy's edition, 1897).

the rights of the crown," a regard which, Burnet says, was heightened by the domestic incident just related.

We have ventured thus, for one brief moment, to call back from his still resting-place in Salisbury Cathedral the ghost of Henry Hyde, not so much for genealogical as for (if one may invent the word) eugenealogical reasons. For it may, with some confidence, be surmised that the honest and quiet virtues of Queen Mary, the wife of King William III, and of "Good Queen Anne," were inherited rather from the obscure branch of Wiltshire squires and their country wives than from the high line of Stuart and Mary Queen of Scots.⁵ But we must leave this gossip of great-grandfathers—though with reluctance, for our thoughts keep wandering back to Wiltshire, and the fields where those two once walked and held such good discourse—and attend the birth of the subject of this essay.

In a very small notebook now preserved in the British Museum⁶—one of the few autograph relics of Anne Hyde—there is the following entry :

"I was born the 12 day of March old stile in the yeare of our Lord 1637 at Cranbourne Lodge neer Windsor in Berkshire and lived in my owne country till I was 12 yeares old haveing in that time seen the ruin both of Church and State and the murtheringe of my Kinge."

⁵ Great-great-grandmother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne.

⁶ Add. MSS. 15,900, B.M.

Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

Anne wrote these words when she was a girl of fifteen, and despite the somewhat stilted and priggish language, we catch a glimpse of the terrific effect which Charles I's execution had not only indeed on devoted Royalists, but on plain men everywhere.⁷ Of Cranbourne it may be said in passing that Pepys, many years later, records having arrived there (on August 19, 1665, at night) during one of his numerous peregrinations—

“where in the dark I perceive an old house new building with a great deal of rubbish, and was fain to go up a ladder to Sir G. Carteret's chamber. . . . I to bed in my Lady's chamber that she uses to lie in, and where the Duchess of York, that now is, was born.”⁸

Almost immediately after the King's death, in January, 1649, the Chancellor, who was himself in Jersey, arranged for the withdrawal of his wife and family from England to Antwerp. There they remained until the autumn of 1653, when they removed to Breda where the Princess of Orange assigned them a house rent free. During these years of exile the Hyde family, in common with other devoted Royalist families, suffered the most appalling privations. In a letter to Secretary Nicholas, dated October 19, 1650, the Chancellor refers to “the intolerable necessity my wife is in.” Again, two years later, writing from Paris, he says :

⁷ See the preceding essay: “January 30, 1649.”

⁸ *Pepys's Diary*, Vol. V, p. 53 (Wheatley's edition, 1903).

Anne Hyde : Early Life

"I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat which I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust ; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am."⁹

The removal of the Hyde family to Breda was very shortly followed by an event which, as Clarendon afterwards observed in his autobiography, "may appear to many an extraordinary Operation of Providence, in giving the first rise to what afterwards succeeded ; though of a Nature so transcendant, as cannot be thought to have any relation to it."¹⁰ This event was the promotion of Anne Hyde, in her seventeenth year, to the place of maid of honour to the Princess of Orange. Lord Clarendon (in his autobiography just mentioned) is at pains to relate in great detail the circumstances attending the affair because it "had afterwards an Influence upon his Fortune, and a very great one upon the Peace and Quiet of his Mind, and of his Family." He is insistent that from the very beginning he opposed the proposal, which was vehemently pressed by the Princess of Orange, who seems to have taken a great fancy to Anne, on the ground that he did not want his daughter to be separated from her mother, nor to take up a Court

⁹ Letters quoted in Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, Vol. I, pp. 361 and 375.

¹⁰ Clarendon's *Life*, p. 263.

life, "which he did in Truth perfectly detest." His objections were, however, countered by the Princess of Orange, who prevailed on her brother, Charles II himself, to speak to the Chancellor, the King saying that "He knew not how the Chancellor could, or why he should omit such an Opportunity of providing for his Daughter in so honourable a Way." The Chancellor respectfully replied that he "could not dispute the Reasons with him," repeating however his plea that he did not wish to separate his daughter from her mother. There seems little cause to doubt the Chancellor's sincerity in this matter ; the reasons for his detestation of a Court life for his daughter are, indeed, not far to seek. He had been specially charged with the political care of the young king from his fifteenth year, and he knew his over-mastering weakness. Doubtless he remembered the affair at Jersey when the Prince, as he then was, though hardly emerged from boyhood, became the father of the first of that exceedingly numerous illegitimate offspring which has enriched the Peerage alone with no less than three existing dukedoms. And he had lived long enough at Paris to have formed very precise conclusions as to the possibilities of a continental Court life for a maid of honour in, for instance, the retinue of that remarkable monarch Louis XIV, Charles's cousin. But despite his efforts, the Chancellor was borne down by the resolution of the Princess of Orange ; moreover, the good Dr. Morley,

afterwards Bishop of Winchester, who lived with the Hyde family during their exile, was guileless enough to support the proposal as being likely to prove beneficial to Anne. And as it turned out, in so far as the most dazzling worldly honours can be regarded as a blessing, the good Bishop was right. Furthermore, we suspect that the Chancellor's wife was secretly of the same opinion as the Bishop, though to the Chancellor she appeared to share his averseness.

During the period from 1654 to the year of the Restoration, 1660, in which year the courtly world was to be electrified by the circumstances surrounding the secret marriage of Anne Hyde with the Duke of York, we hear of Anne only in snatches of gossip. A few of her own letters will be found quoted in Mr. J. R. Henslowe's book, *Anne Hyde, Duchess of York*. But, though interesting, they are not very illuminating. The references to her, however, which have been preserved mainly in John Evelyn's invaluable *Diary and Correspondence*,¹¹ show her to have been personally attractive. Thus the Queen of Bohemia, aunt of Charles II, writing to Secretary Nicolas in September, 1654, says : " I heare Mrs. Hide is to come to my Niece in Mrs. Killigrew's place [the former Maid of Honour who had died of the smallpox], which I am verie glad of, she is verie fitt for itt and a great favourit of mine." A few months later, " I finde my favourit

¹¹ *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn*, edited by William Bray, 4 vols., 1850.

grown everie way to her advantage." This is followed by a letter dated Jan. 11 (1654-5) from the "Hagh" :

" We had a Royaltie [a masquerade], though not upon twelf night, at Teiling, where my Niece was a gipsie and became her dress extreame well . . . Mrs. Hide a shepherdess and I assure [you] was verie handsome in it, none but her Mistress looked better than she did. I believe my Lady Hide and Mr. Chancelour will not be sorie to heare it, which I pray tell them from me."¹²

It appears she was not without admirers, for Charles II, writing to Bennet, afterwards Earl of Arlington, in 1665 says :

" I will try whether Sir S. Compton be so much in love as you say, for I will name Mrs. Hyde before him so by chance, that except he be very much smitten it shall not move him."¹³

Early in 1656 the Princess of Orange visited her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, at Paris, taking with her her maid of honour. The sequel to this visit is told so characteristically by one of the two chief actors in the scene, the Duke of York, that he must certainly speak for himself.

" When the Princesse of Orange came to Paris to see the Queen her Mother, the Duke being (there)

¹² *Evelyn's Diary*, etc., Vol. IV, pp. 208-24 *passim*.

¹³ *Idem*, Vol. IV, p. 208, note.

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at that time as has been before mention'd, Mrs. Anne Hyde was one of the Maids of Honour who ther attended her : it happen'd that after some conversation together, The Duke fell in love with her, she having witt, and other qualitys capable of surprising a heart less inclinable to the sexe, then was that of his Royall Highness in the first warmth of his youth. She indeed shew'd both her witt and her virtue in managing the affaire so dexterously, that the Duke overmaster'd by his passion, at last gave her a promise of marriage some time before the Restoration." ¹⁴

James, Duke of York, was at this time a young man of twenty-three, but as the period of his youth coincided with the extraordinary social upheavals which began with the Civil Wars and ended only with the Restoration, he had passed through adventures enough to do credit to a hardened veteran. Taken prisoner as a mere boy during the Civil Wars, he was confined in St. James's Palace, from which, assisted by Colonel Bamfield, he effected his escape in 1648 by an exceedingly clever ruse. One night, after supper, he went to play at "hide and seek" with his brother and sister, at which game for the past fortnight he had practised assiduously, "and had us'd to hide himself in places so difficult to find" that it usually took the other children half an hour

¹⁴ Clarke's *Life of James II* (Vol. I, p. 387), published in 1816 from the original Stuart manuscripts : James's own MS. has not survived, but this life was compiled by his private secretary, "out of memoirs written by that Prince."

to search for him. On this particular night, the Duke having first taken the precaution to shut up in his sister's room a little dog that was wont to follow him, crept out of the palace through a back door, met there the trusty Colonel Bamfield, proceeded with him in a coach as far as Salisbury House, stepped out and bolted down a side street to the river. There they took boat and got out a little lower down, proceeding to the house "of one, Loe, a Surgeon, where they found Mrs. Murray, who had women's cloths in readiness to disguise the Duke." Thus disguised, the Duke, Bamfield and a footman re-embarked in a barge of four oars and proceeded down the river with the tide. But the master of the barge was suspicious, and his suspicions "that this woman was some person of considerable quality" were soon confirmed, "for peeping through a cranny of the door into the barge room, where there was a candle burning before the Duke, he perceiv'd his Royall Highness laying his leg upon the table, and plucking up his stocking in so unwomanish a manner, that he concluded his former surmizes of him were undoubted truths, as he afterwards acknowledged to them." A confession of the Duke's identity was now inevitable, but the master of the barge was a sportsman, and putting out the lights when they approached Gravesend, they slipped past "the block houses" there and arrived safely at a "Dutch pinck of seventy tons, that lay ready for them. . . ."

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Thereafter, having narrowly escaped being grounded and shipwrecked between Flushing and Middleburg, the Duke disembarked in Holland and was met by the Prince of Orange, who conveyed him to his house at Honslardyke.¹⁵ This intensely exciting adventure, which is described in much detail and with great spirit in the memoirs referred to in the footnote, happened to the Duke when he was fifteen years old. Between this date and that of his first meeting with Anne Hyde, the Duke served with much distinction in no less than four campaigns in the army of the King of France under the famous M. de Turenne. Bishop Burnet says of him :

“ He was very brave in his youth, and so much magnified by Monsieur Turenne, that, till his marriage lessened him, he really clouded the King, and passed for the superior genius. He was naturally candid and sincere, and a firm friend, till affairs and his religion wore out all his first principles and inclinations.”¹⁶

We are so accustomed to think of James II as an intolerable person, whose ultimate dethronement was almost the least punishment that could be inflicted on him, that this pleasant picture may well make the reader rub his eyes. But there was another side to

¹⁵ Clarke's *Life of James II*, Vol. I, pp. 35-9.

¹⁶ Burnet's *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, p. 295 (Airy's edition, 1897).

his character which Burnet also describes, and which will be communicated in due course as his career develops. Meanwhile we cannot be astonished that Anne Hyde should have fallen in love with this exceptional young man. Nor can we wonder that the Duke, for his part, fell in love with Anne Hyde. Not only had he an exceedingly impressionable heart so that he was, as Burnet says, "perpetually in one amour or another," but Anne herself was clearly possessed of a very attractive and powerful personality. Contemporary opinion seems to be divided as to her looks. Pepys, who is often disparaging in his references to her, describes¹⁷ how he saw her at the play one day (April 20, 1661), "The Humoursome Lieutenant," acted at the Cockpit before the King; the Duke was there "and his Duchess (which is a plain woman and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor)"; but then Pepys was mainly taken up with watching the notorious but most beautiful Mrs. Palmer, "with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity."

Count Hamilton, in his *Life and Memoirs of Count Grammont*, says of Anne that "although . . . no perfect Beauty," yet there was "no brighter at the Court of Holland." On the other hand, the Queen of Bohemia evidently thought her charming, and Reresby greatly admired her: "she was a very handsome woman, and had a great deal of wit." If the

¹⁷ *Pepys's Diary*, Vol. II, p. 16 (Wheatley's edition, 1903).



[Hampton Court Palace
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ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK

BY SIR PETER LELY

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Anne Hyde : Early Life

portrait of her by Sir Peter Lely,¹⁸ now at Hampton Court, is a faithful likeness we can only say that we entirely agree with Reresby and can but admire the Duke's discrimination. It is this portrait that Pepys saw on June 18, 1662 : " . . . to Lilly's, the painters, where we saw among other rare things, the Duchess of York, her whole body, sitting in state in a chair, in white satin, and another of the King, that is half finished ; most rare things."

We have already seen that Sir Spencer Compton appears to have been an admirer. That he was not alone is clear from a small verse written in pencil, now so paled by time as to be almost indecipherable, in Anne's notebook already referred to. The poem is called " the contented marter," and runs :

Since thy bright eyes
I chanced to see I
yeeld to loves divi
nity, who before
thought twas
strangly odd
to make an urchin
boy a good
[indecipherable] one
smile or I thy
convert & thy
marter dye if
not first let them

¹⁸ The portrait at the National Portrait Gallery, assigned to the School of Lely, is a very plain and unattractive picture.

imbrace the fire
ile burne & willing
ly expire & flye
to the elisium for
to prove the joye's
they have that dye
for love
thus the condem
ned thinke it a blisse
the fatall block &
axe to kisse.

The youthful poet signs himself Dike Barde or Berde.¹⁹

In the same notebook are two very touching entries in French, signed separately "Anne Hyde." The one says, "Je m'en vay mourir d'amour, mais ce n'est pas pour un infidèle comme vous" ; the other, "Adieu pour jamais, mais n'oubliez pas la plus miserable personne du monde." Whether these heart cries have any reference to the great love affair of Anne's life it is, of course, impossible to say. But in the light of all the circumstances surrounding that affair it seems not at all improbable. We must now leap over four years, and pass from the Continent to England, in order to assist at the sequel to the events already recorded. For we are to understand that until after the Restoration Anne Hyde and the Duke of York kept their mutual passion a profound secret.

¹⁹ Add. MSS. 15,900 (B.M.).

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Hardly had the King's return been signalised in Whitehall on that memorable 29th of May, in the year 1660, by the shouts of the citizens of London, the prostration of the Parliament, and the congratulations "from all the counties of England," when the Duke of York, for very sufficient reasons, realised that the time for romantic secrecy in his relations with Anne Hyde was fast drawing to a close.

There are three main authorities for the relation of the extraordinary story which follows—Lord Clarendon (in his great work, *The Continuation*, etc.), Bishop Burnet, and Count Hamilton—and to these must be added the testimony of the Duke himself and the hearsay evidence of Pepys. Of these authorities incomparably the most important is Lord Clarendon, not only because of the far greater detail, but of the amazing character of his account which Macaulay described²⁰ as "the most extraordinary passage in autobiography. We except nothing even in the Confessions of Rousseau."

The main outlines of the story are beyond dispute, for they are confirmed directly or indirectly by all the authorities, but we shall rely in the main on Clarendon, for the reasons already indicated, and because his account, from its very character, seems to bear the clear impress of truth.

After a short prologue, to explain the immediate

²⁰ In the essay on *Hallam's Constitutional History*.

and ultimate bearings of the affair on his own life, Clarendon thus begins :

“ The Chancellor, as soon as the King was at Whitehall, had sent for his Daughter, having a Design presently to marry her ; to which Purpose He had an Overture from a noble Family, on the behalf of a well-bred hopeful young Gentleman, who was the Heir of it. His Daughter quickly arrived at her Father’s House, to his great Joy, having always had a great Affection for her ; and She being his eldest Child, He had more Acquaintance with her than with any of his Children ; and being now of an Age fit for Marriage, He was well pleased that He had an Opportunity to place her in such a Condition, as with God’s Blessing was like to yield her much Content. She had not been long in England, when the Duke informed the King ‘ of the Affection and Engagement that had been long between them ; that They had been long contracted, and that She was with Child ’ : And therefore with all imaginable Importunity He begged his Majesty’s Leave and Permission upon his Knees ‘ that He might publicly marry her, in such a Manner as his Majesty thought necessary for the Consequence thereof.’ The King was much troubled with it, and more with his Brother’s Passion, which was expressed in a very wonderful Manner and with many Tears, protesting ‘ that if his Majesty should not give his Consent, He would immediately leave the Kingdom, and must spend his Life in foreign Parts.’ ”

In this predicament the King immediately sent for those two wise and devoted councillors, the Marquis

of Ormond, and the Earl of Southampton, explained the situation to them and asked them immediately to see the Chancellor.

As soon as the Chancellor came, the Marquis frankly told him what had happened. The Chancellor was thunderstruck.

“He broke out into a very immoderate Passion against the Wickedness of his Daughter, and said with all imaginable Earnestness, ‘that as soon as He came Home, He would turn her out of his House, as a Strumpet, to shift for herself, and would never see her again.’” [His friends explained to him that they thought the Duke was married.] “Whereupon He fell into new Commotions.” [He would prefer his daughter were the Duke’s whore rather than his wife] “for He was not obliged to keep a Whore for the greatest Prince alive.” [But if she were indeed married] “He was ready to give a positive Judgement, in which he hoped their Lordships would concur with him, that the King should immediately cause the Woman to be sent to the Tower, and to be cast into a Dungeon, under so strict a Guard, that no Person living should be admitted to come to her ; and then that an Act of Parliament should be immediately passed for the cutting off her Head, to which He would not only give his Consent, but would very willingly be the first Man that should propose it : And whoever knew the Man, will believe that He said all this very heartily.” [At this moment the King entered the room and] “perceiving by his Countenance the Agony the Chancellor was in, and his swollen

Eyes from whence a Flood of Tears were fallen, He asked the other Lords 'What They had done and whether They had resolved on any Thing.' "

Lord Southampton, not unnaturally, said, pointing to the Chancellor, that he was "mad" and not fit for consultation. "Whereupon His Majesty looking upon him with a wonderful Benignity said, 'Chancellor, I knew this Business would trouble you ; and therefore I appointed your two Friends to confer first with you upon it.' That he must now "lay aside all Passion" and give him his advice. The Chancellor, though now more composed, merely repeated what he had said before, adding as an argument that a signal example of severity would deter any presumption in future. At this point the entry of the Duke of York stopped further discussion. The Chancellor went home and ordered his daughter "to keep her Chamber, and not to admit any visits." But, as he afterwards learned, his orders were fruitless, the Duke finding "ways to come to her, and to stay whole Nights with her, by the Administration of those who were not suspected by him, and who had the excuse, 'that They knew that They were married.' "

Time passed, and to the Chancellor's astonishment the affair appeared to make no particular impression on plain men. On the other hand, the Queen Mother, always Clarendon's enemy, hurried over from France to prevent "so great a Stain and Dishonour to the Crown."

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And now there developed among the Duke's retinue a very abominable plot. Sir Charles Berkeley, Captain of the Duke's Guard, "a young man," as Clarendon observes, "of a dissolute Life, and prone to all Wickedness in the Judgment of all sober Men," swore a false oath that Anne had been unfaithful to the Duke, and had had relations with him, Berkeley. To his lasting shame the Duke believed him, and resolved to forswear his marriage and never to see Anne again. The incorrigible Count Hamilton tells this part of the story rather differently from Clarendon. According to him Berkeley was not the only criminal ; but other "men of honour," Lord Arran, Germain, Talbot, and Killigrew all deposed to various familiarities with Anne. Talbot's lie must be told on account of its absurdity. He

"depos'd, That she had made an Appointment with him, in the Chancellor's Closet, while he was in Council, by such a Token, that not minding what was upon the Table, and being wholly intent upon other matters, they had spilt an Ink-bottle upon a Letter of four Pages ; for which the King's Monkey, who was charg'd with the Accident, had been a long while in Disgrace."²¹

Talbot was followed by Killigrew, whose story was so deliberately extravagant that the Duke realised it was mere banter, and according to Hamilton, leaving his friends with an air of much mystery, he shortly

²¹ *The Life and Memoirs of Count Grammont*, p. 150, edition 1760.

afterwards sent for Berkeley and Lord Ossory. They arrived almost with qualms now, as they suspected the lies had succeeded. They found the Duke with Anne, whose eyes were bathed in tears, while the Chancellor leaned against the wall "big with something." To their abject amazement the Duke turned serenely to them and said, "As you are the two Men at Court I esteem most, I would have you to be the first that shall have the Honour to salute the Duchess of York : There she is . . ." It is almost impossible not to believe that Count Hamilton, with his obvious love for a good story, has not embroidered this. If there was one quality that the Duke of York seems to have lacked more than any other, it was a sense of humour, and only a genius at jesting, such as Charles himself, could have arranged such a scene as this : Hamilton says that the Duke had previously seen the King, and this may be the explanation. But we must return to Clarendon's account.

On October 22, 1660, Anne gave birth to a son, who during his brief six months of life bore the title of Charles, Duke of Cambridge. It chanced that the King was at the Chancellor's house at a Cabinet meeting when the infant was on the point of entering the world. Accordingly he directed the Chancellor "to send for the Lady Marchioness of Ormond, the Countess of Sunderland and other Ladies of known Honour and Fidelity to the Crown, to be present with her." To these were added our old friend Dr.

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Morley, the Bishop of Winchester who, says Clarendon, "in the Interval of her greatest Pangs, and sometimes when they were upon her, was present, and asked her such Questions as were thought fit for the Occasion." These questions were blunt enough, namely as to the parentage of the child. Anne answered vehemently that it was the Duke's. Her replies to this extraordinary episcopal cross-examination, incredible indeed to modern minds in its circumstances, were it not for the undoubted fact that our seventeenth-century ancestors were *capables de tout*, absolutely convinced those present. All indeed but that impossible person the Duke himself. Yet it is beyond question that he and Anne were secretly "contracted" in marriage—such a contract in those days being to all intents and purposes as good as a marriage—on November 24, 1659, at Breda, and that a secret marriage service was performed at Worcester House on September 3, 1660. Nevertheless, if Clarendon is to be believed, the Duke still obstinately trusted the truth of Berkeley's outrageous and colossal lie. So much so that he had the impertinence to threaten the Chancellor, on the erroneous supposition that the latter was about to have the whole matter discussed in Parliament. The Chancellor in the course of his reply to these threats, and in denying that he had any such intention, said

"that if his Highness had done any Thing towards

or against him which He ought not to have done, there was One who is as much above him, as his Highness was above him, and who could both censure and punish it."

Meanwhile the King showed the Chancellor every mark of royal favour. He made him a baron, he gave him £20,000, he "carried himself with extraordinary Grace" towards him. The Queen Mother, however, continued still in the utmost bitterness. But the ground was being cut from under her feet. The infamous Berkeley, seeing that the game was up, went to the Duke and confessed his crime, pleading as his excuse his devotion to his master, whom he had wished to save from the consequences of a ruinous marriage. The Duke was delighted, and so relieved in his curious, dark mind, that he absolutely forgave Berkeley. He visited Anne, despite his mother's passionate protestations "that whenever that Woman should be brought into Whitehall by one Door, her Majesty would go out of it by another Door, and never come into it again." But her displeasure could not be continued indefinitely. It was, in fact, dissipated by a very plain letter from Cardinal Mazarin, who told her she would not be welcomed back in France, unless she reconciled herself to all concerned. Evelyn, on the other hand, suggests in his *Diary* under date October 7, 1660, that the reconciliation which took place later was due to the Chancellor's offer to pay the Queen's debts. Both versions, of

course, may have truth in them, but it seems more probable that the Cardinal's intervention was the decisive factor. At any rate, by December 22 the marriage was, according to Evelyn, publicly owned, and the courtiers kissed the hand of the Duchess of York.

And so the curtain was rung down on one of the strangest scenes in the drama of history. Of the figures who took the chief parts the King appears the most agreeable character, while the Duke's conduct at the best was contemptibly weak, and at the worst wholly dishonourable. Both Pepys and Burnet present his part in a more unfavourable light even than Clarendon. The former, in referring to the current gossip early in October, 1660, repeats a report " . . . that for certain he did promise her (Anne) marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King will have him marry her, but that he will not."²²

Burnet, in a review of the whole affair from its origin, when Anne was maid of honour, says :

" . . . the Duke, who was even to his old age of an amorous disposition, tried to gain her to comply with his desires. She managed the matter with so much address that in conclusion he married her. Her father did very solemnly protest, that he knew nothing of the matter till it broke out, and then the Duke

²² *Pepys's Diary*, Vol. I, p. 256.

thought to have shaken her from claiming it by great promises and great threatenings. But she was a woman of a high spirit. She said she was his wife, and would have it known that she was so ; let him use her afterwards as he pleased." ²³

Against these weighty witnesses there is the Duke's own account, which is that the King tried to dissuade him from the ceremony of marriage, as well as many of his friends and "specially some of his meniall Servants." That he, on the contrary, continued "constant in his resolution," and that at last the King gave way. He suggests that Clarendon circumspectly brought the King round in a matter "which seem'd so much to his own advantage." About his wife he (or the writer of the Memoirs) says :

"It must be confessed, that what she wanted in birth, was so well made up by other endowments, that her carriage afterwards did not misbecome her acquired dignity." ²⁴

Of Lord Clarendon's part his own account is sufficiently self-revealing. Both Lord Macaulay and Clarendon's chief biographer, Lister, regard the story of his attitude to his daughter as highly unfavourable to himself. As some justification for his extraordinary conduct, I would submit a plea, which, I think, has not so far been adequately emphasised. He lived in

²³ See Burnet's *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, pp. 293-5.

²⁴ Clarke's *Life of King James II*, Vol. I, pp. 387-8. See note 14.

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an age when the theory of the Divine Right of Kings²⁵ was believed in by the representatives of seventeenth-century Toryism as a vital political commonplace. To these men monarchy was not an expediency, but a divine manifestation of government. Majesty was sacred. To the son of a Wiltshire country squire it must have seemed almost a sacrilege that his daughter should come so near the throne. Moreover, Clarendon, with a passionate devotion to the King, had endured fourteen years of exile, waiting for that great day of Restoration. He conceived it to be of paramount importance to maintain the dignity of kingship. He was filled with astonishment when the news of his daughter's affair with the Duke did not outrage other men's notions, as it appears to have outraged his own. In this he was a little out of date. He was back again in the reign of Charles I, and had forgotten the Civil War and the Commonwealth. But in one respect he calculated rightly. He foresaw that this marriage would ultimately be the cause of his downfall, even though, at the time, much to his surprise, it merely increased his power.

"This marriage," he says, "seemed to all Men to have established his Fortune, and that of his Family : I say, to all Men but to himself, who was not the least

²⁵ For a brilliant exposition of this theory see *The Divine Right of Kings*, by the late Dr. J. N. Figgis, Cambridge University Press, 1922.

Degree exalted with it. He knew well upon how slippery Ground He stood ; and how naturally averse the Nation was from approving an exorbitant Power in any Subject.”²⁶

²⁶ Clarendon's *Continuation*, pp. 50-76 (edition 1761).

ANNE HYDE :
DUCHESS OF YORK
(1660-71)

ANNE HYDE :
DUCHESS OF YORK
(1660-71)

WITH the formal recognition of her marriage, Anne Hyde—the Duchess of York, as we must henceforth call her—takes a foremost place in that brilliant but restless circle which composed the courtly world of the Restoration. We altogether lose sight of the ancestral Wiltshire fields and Mr. Henry Hyde, of Dinton ; we forget quiet Cranbourne, where Anne was born, the home of old Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Lady Clarendon's father, that "learned man," as Anthony à Wood calls him, "and as great a Lover and Encourager of Learning and learned men, especially of Mathematicians (he being one himself), as any man in his time."¹ We enter completely into the world. Eleven crowded years follow one another, and then, suddenly, everything for the Duchess ceases : she dies, and the worldly stream glides on without her.

But during these years events have jostled one another into fulfilment : a never-ending succession of ducal amours, for James resembled his brother at

¹ Wood's *Fasti Oxonienses*, Vol. I, p. 792 (edition 1691).

least in this one respect ; the great plague ; the great fire of London ; the naval war with the Dutch, in which the Duke figures and indirectly the Duchess herself ; the fall of her father, and his perpetual banishment ; the conversion of the Duke to Roman Catholicism, followed by that of the Duchess, an event in those days accounted an unforgivable political crime ; added to all these a great number of social festivities ; and lastly, and for the Duchess most important of all, a continuous succession of children. Hardly a year passes without the familiar entry in *Pepys's Diary*, "the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy" (or a girl). In these eleven years eight children are born. Of these four died during the Duchess's lifetime, and two within nine months of her death ; two daughters only survived, to become successively queens of England.

Had the Duchess lived—she died when she was only thirty-four—there is every reason to suppose that her family would have been very much larger. Large families were the invariable rule. On the other hand, the death-rate was terrible. An examination of sepulchral monuments, or the pedigrees recorded in old county histories sufficiently demonstrate both facts. As Dean Inge observes :^a

"Families like that of Dean Colet, who was one of twenty-two children, among whom he was the only

^a *The Victorian Age* (Rede Lecture, 1922), pp. 10-11.

one to grow up, remained common till the middle of the eighteenth century. Then the death-rate rapidly declined. . . ."

The following list of the Duchess's children, with the dates of birth, and of death in the case of the six who died young, is at once a witness of partial joy and of much pain and suffering, a witness it is essential to remember when we consider other aspects of the Duchess's life.

CHARLES, Duke of Cambridge, born October 22, 1660 ; died May 5, 1661.

JAMES, Duke of Cambridge, born July 12, 1663 ; died June 20, 1667.

CHARLES, Duke of Kendal, born July 4, 1666 ; died May 22, 1667.

EDGAR, Duke of Cambridge, born September 14, 1667 ; died June 8, 1671.

MARY (afterwards Queen), born April 30, 1662.

ANNE (afterwards Queen), born February 6, 1665.

HENRIETTA, born January 13, 1669 ; died November 15, 1669.

KATHERINE, born February 7, 1671 ; died December 5, 1671.³

In the case of the normal family of those times, the high death-rate is sufficiently accounted for by the terrible scourge of smallpox, consumption, in-

³ This list is extracted from Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, Vol. II, p. 485.

sanitary conditions and recurrent outbreaks of the plague. In this case, however, Bishop Burnet suggests that the Duke's disordered life may have been responsible.

“ Upon the whole matter the duke was often ill : the children were born with ulcers, or they broke out soon after : and all his sons died young and unhealthy. This has, as far as anything whatsoever that could be brought in the way of proof, prevailed to create a suspicion that so healthy a child as the pretended prince of Wales could neither be his, nor be born of any wife with whom he lived long. The violent pain that his eldest daughter had in her eyes, and the gout which has so early seized our present Queen, are thought the dregs of a tainted original. Upon which, Willis, the great physician, being called to consult for one of his sons, gave his opinion in these words, *Mala stamina vitæ* ; which gave such offence that he was never called for afterwards.”⁴

It is only fair to the Duke to say that this suggestion is countered by Cockburn, who had attended his person, and by Boileau, the King's surgeon. There can, however, be little doubt as to the number and variety of the Duke's amours : there is a passage in his memoirs under date 1682, in which in reference to his second wife's devotion to him, and how cer-

⁴ Burnet's *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, pp. 405-7 (Airy's edition, 1897), and footnotes.

tain "private grievances" were "the more insupportable," the writer says :

"For as yet all these adversities had not washed him clean from certain personal disorders, which had all along been so grievous to her ; but she lived not much longer before she had the satisfaction of seeing him not only become a perfect rival of her virtue, but a most exemplar and fervent penitent for the sins of his former life."⁵

And in the "Advice" which James bequeathed to his son, the Prince of Wales, known as the old Pretender, there is a pathetic and reiterated warning against "the forbidden love of Women" and "the sins of the flesh."

That the Court of the Restoration period was, in addition to its brilliance, gaiety and culture, also exceedingly licentious, no sensible person would attempt to deny. On the other hand, certain authorities on the period have rather "torn a passion to tatters" and tended to tar all and sundry with the same brush. Thus so eminent a scholar as the Reverend A. B. Grosart goes out of his way to vindicate Andrew Marvell's brutal attacks on Anne Hyde. Grosart speaks of her "notorious liaisons," and seems to regard her as a typical profligate of the Restoration. In a really absurd sentence he refers to her as "as infamous a young harridan—if the sad stern name be allowable—as ever polluted the Court

⁵ Clarke's *Life of James II*, Vol. I, p. 733.

of England—the Duchess of York, daughter of *the Clarendon*.”⁶ Now, Marvell, with a political and religious axe to grind, must be taken strictly “*cum grano salis*.” Dr. A. W. Ward in his memoir of Anne Hyde in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, referring to Marvell’s attacks, says : “Anne Hyde was doubtless not very different in manners and morals from her surroundings, but the charges both horrible and loathsome brought against her in Marvell’s satires may safely be rejected.” I think Dr. Ward is perhaps over-cautious in his defence of the Duchess. How a woman who bore eight children to her husband in eleven years can possibly have been other than a very virtuous and, indeed, long-suffering wife, I cannot conceive. The affair with Sydney we shall hereafter relate, and give our reasons for regarding as wholly fugitive. Marvell himself was clearly deceived by Sir Charles Berkeley’s (afterwards Lord Falmouth) confessed falsehood related in the first part of this essay :

“Bold James survives, no dangers make him flinch :
He marries seigneur Falmouth’s pregnant wench.”⁷

This is a good example of how hard it is to catch up a gross lie, even though the originator has himself repudiated it.

⁶ Marvell’s *Complete Works*, edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Vol. 2, xviii.

⁷ “Advice to a Painter,” ll. 19, 20, Vol. I, p. 314, Marvell’s *Complete Works*, edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

Anne Hyde : Duchess of York

It may be thought by some that this reference to the ugly aspect of a bygone time is painful and unnecessary. That it is painful may be true ; that it is unnecessary I cannot agree. It is the object of this essay, and of the others in this volume, to throw a little light on the actual life of particular persons in different classes of society who lived some two or three centuries ago. If the unpleasant be ignored, no complete picture can be drawn. On the other hand, the method of suggestion practised by some writers, however intriguing as a literary artifice, seems to me in a story based wholly on life, which is history, both mean and unsatisfactory : mean because the imagination of the reader may conceive a far more unfavourable picture of the particular person than the known facts warrant ; unsatisfactory because the picture ceases to be historical and becomes blurred, patchy, or positively distorted.

We return to the Duchess. As the greater part of the Duchess's life during these eleven years, and of those with whom she was mainly concerned, was spent in London, it will be useful to recall its appearance, and that of Whitehall in particular, where there will be cause to accompany Pepys on one or two occasions.

“Whoever,” says Macaulay, “examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The

town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilisation almost to the boundaries of Middlesex and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now stretches from the Tower to Blackwall had even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of building which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy were in existence, and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings,⁸ was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants. On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns, over the site of the borough of Marylebone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude, and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London. On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars. In 1685, a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomy, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river.”⁹

⁸ Since Macaulay wrote (1848), the population of Chelsea has increased to 63,700 persons (Census 1921).

⁹ Macaulay's *History of England*, Vol. I, p. 171 *et seq.* (edition 1877).

The fashionable part of London stretched from Somerset House, where the Queen-Mother lived, down the Strand to Charing Cross and Whitehall. Southampton Square (now Bloomsbury Square) and the district, since Monmouth's day known as Soho, were also frequented by the great. On the other hand, Oxford Street "ran between hedges," Regent Street was "a solitude," and Macaulay refers to an old General Oglethorpe, who died in 1785, as boasting that he had shot woodcock there in the reign of Queen Anne. Piccadilly was almost equally rural, and Clarendon House, which Lord Clarendon built—Worcester House, in the Strand, where he lived at first, was only leased to him by the Marquis of Worcester—stood practically alone on part of the site now occupied by Albemarle Street.

"The houses were not numbered. There would, indeed, have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters and errand-boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were, therefore, distinguished by painted or sculptured signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people."

The Palace of Whitehall—"White Hall," as

Pepys always calls it—where the Duke and Duchess of York had apartments, as well as in St. James's Palace, stretched, in Charles II's time, from Great Scotland Yard, near Charing Cross, to Cannon Row, Westminster. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century it had been the London house of the Archbishops of York, and Wolsey, who rebuilt it on a grand scale, was the last Archbishop to live there. Thereafter Henry VIII had it conveyed to himself. Hitherto it had been known as York Place, but Henry changed the name to White Hall. There is a passage in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* (Act IV, Sc. 1) which speaks of the change both of ownership and name. Two gentlemen are discussing Anne Bullen's coronation, and one of them who had been in the Abbey describes the end of the ceremony :

So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back
again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gen. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place,
that's past ;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's
lost ;
'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gen. I know it ;
But 'tis so lately altered that the old name
Is fresh about me.

In Charles II's days the Palace did not merely accommodate the Royal Family. Within its precincts were the offices of the Treasury and of the Privy Council, the Chapel Royal, the Cockpit (used also as a theatre), the apartments of eminent ministers, mistresses, and maids of honour. In Besant's *Survey* the Palace is described as "a vast nest of chambers and offices," for both the Tudor and the Stuart monarchs had greatly added to it. But though parts of it were beautiful, it does not appear to have given the impression of magnificence. On one side of the Palace was the river, on the other St. James's Park. Bordering on the latter were the Cockpit and the Tennis Court built by Henry VIII, now the sites of the Treasury and the Privy Council Office respectively, for the Palace was burned down in the course of two destructive fires in 1691 and 1697. Only the Banqueting Hall and certain parts of the building now known as Treasury Chambers survive. A public road ran through the Palace precincts, connecting Charing Cross with Westminster.¹⁰

Hamilton, in *The Life and Memoirs of Count Grammont*, gives a charming account of the pleasantness

¹⁰ Stow's *Survey* (edition 1720); Knight's *London*; Besant's *Survey of London North of the Thames*; Macaulay's *History of England*; Wheatley's and Cunningham's *London Past and Present*; Faithorn's Map, May, 1658, reproduced in S. R. Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War*, Vol. IV, p. 315.

of the Palace from the river-side in the days of Charles II :

“The river Thames washes the Skirts of the vast and unmagnificent Palace of the Kings of Great Britain, called White-Hall. 'Twas from the Stairs of that Palace that the Court used to take Water, towards the close of those Summer days when Heat and Dust do not permit walking in St. James's Park. An infinite Number of open Boats full of the celebrated Beauties of the Court and City, attended the Barges in which were the Royal Family : and Collations, Musick, and Fireworks compleated the Entertainment. The Chevalier [Grammont] always made one of the Company, and generally added something of his own Invention, to heighten the Diversion by some surprizing Stroke of Magnificence and Gallantry. Sometimes, he had compleat Consorts of Voices and Instruments, which he privately sent for from Paris, and which struck up, on a sudden, in those courtly Cruizes. Oftentimes, he gave Banquets that likewise came from France, and which even out-did the King's Collations in London.”

On May 5, 1661, the infant Duke of Cambridge died, the Duchess's first-born son who had entered the world in the extraordinary circumstances related earlier in this history. From a remark of Pepys's in his *Diary* of May 6, that he heard the Duke and his lady were “not much troubled,” it may, perhaps, be assumed that the poor child was too delicate to survive happily. But for this loss the earlier years

Anne Hyde : Duchess of York

of the Duchess's married life seem to have been outwardly gay enough. It is, however, impossible to suppose, despite all the Court festivity, which Pepys describes with such incomparable vividness, that her life can have been other than restless, and at times most unhappy. For the Duke, though he seems to have been really fond of his wife, was unfortunately continually falling in love elsewhere. Miss Hamilton, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Denham, Miss Frances Stewart, Lady Southesk, Miss Arabella Churchill, for all these ladies, and others besides, that impressionable heart burned. It would be impossible within any reasonable space to recount the Duke's doubtful adventures. Suffice it to say that the most serious and prolonged affair was with Miss Churchill, maid of honour to the Duchess, by whom he had four children. Miss Churchill was the sister of John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, who probably owed his introduction to the great world to his sister. One of the four children was the celebrated Duke of Berwick, who subsequently fought on the French side against his uncle, the Duke of Marlborough, in the wars of the Spanish Succession.¹¹ Certainly it was a strange world. As to Miss Hamilton, "la belle Hamilton," it is impossible to forbear recalling her brother's witty description of the Duke's method of courtship :

¹¹ Burnet's *History of My Own Time*; Hamilton's *Life and Memoirs of Count Grammont*; Biographical Notices in *D.N.B.*

Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

"Hunting being his favourite Diversion, that exercise employ'd him part of the Day, and generally he return'd pretty much fatigued. But Miss Hamilton's Presence revived him, whenever he happen'd to find her with the Queen or Duchess. There it was that not daring to tell her what lay heavy on his Heart, he entertain'd her with what he had in his Head : Telling her miracles of the Cunning of Foxes, and the Mettle of Horses ; making her long Details of broken Arms and Legs, dislocated Necks and Shoulders, with other curious and entertaining Adventures, after which his Eyes told the rest 'till such Time as Sleep interrupted their Conversation ; for those tender Interpreters could not help now and then composing themselves in the midst of their ogling."¹²

Needless to say, the Duke was not taken seriously by the humorous and fastidious Miss Hamilton.

It will be well, with the assistance of Pepys, to watch one or two everyday Court scenes, in which the Duchess figures, before more sombre shadows cross the stage.

It is Sunday, March 7, 1662.

"Early to White Hall to the Chappell, where by Mr. Blagrave's means I got into his pew, and heard Dr. Creton, the great Scotchman, preach before the King, and Duke and Dutchesse, upon the words of Micah—'Roule yourselves in dust.' He made a most learned sermon on the words ; but

¹² Hamilton's *The Life and Memoirs of Count Grammont*, p. 119.

in his application, the most comical man that ever I heard in my life."

It is not surprising that Pepys found the Scotsman comical, for he seems to have discoursed on such diverse themes as the royal ingratitude to the Cavaliers, and the desirability of continence during Lent. Some few months later, on September 7, also a Sunday, Pepys had a great treat. Mr. Pierce, the chirurgion, took him to Somerset House

" . . . and there carried me into the Queen-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queen sitting on her left hand (whom I did never see before) ; and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here also I saw Madam Castlemaine and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts,¹³ the King's bastard, a most pretty spark, of about 15 years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her ; and, I hear, the Queens both of them are mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess ; so that, they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. . . . Here were great store of ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry ; and he

¹³ Shortly afterwards created Duke of Monmouth. He was supposed to have been Charles's son by Lucy Walter, and was born on April 9, 1649 ; but it is more probable that he was the son of Robert Sidney by that lady (Airy's *Charles II*, p. 33 ; Goupil edition, 1901).

would have made the Queen-Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queen answered 'you lye'; which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have taught her to say in English, 'Confess and be hanged.'"¹⁴

A month or two later the Duke of York's affair with Lady Chesterfield, which is recounted with such gusto in the *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, is becoming common gossip, and, of course, is snapped up by Pepys, the prince of good gossipers. And, indeed, what with the episode of the green stockings—how Pepys would have revelled in it if he had heard that part of the story—and Lord Chesterfield's strategic withdrawal of his wife to Bretby in Derbyshire, to keep her out of harm's way, and the subsequent adventures of another of Lady Chesterfield's admirers, the story is enough to intrigue even the most cantankerous of anti-gossipers. But clearly it was far from amusing for the Duchess of York, who, according to Pepys, complained both to the King and her father of the affair.

Pepys's comment on it all is sensible enough, though not without humour, when one remembers his ingenuous confessions of his own relations with the fair at odd moments: "At all which I am sorry;

¹⁴ All quotations from *Pepys's Diary* in this essay are from the Wheatley and Braybrooke edition (10 vols.), 1903-4.

but it is the effect of idleness and having nothing else to employ their great spirits upon."

However, this excitement soon died down, and the year ended with a brilliant ball at Whitehall.

December 31, 1662. "... He (Mr. Povy) brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones: and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York; and the Duke the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies; and they danced the Bransle. After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to me. Then country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's was the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand up: and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York."

Between April 30, 1662, and September 14, 1667, the Duchess of York gave birth to no less than five children, three boys and two girls, the

two girls being Mary and Anne, who were destined to succeed one another on the throne of England. While domestic life for the Duchess was thus sufficiently exacting, during the latter part of this same short period great public events whirled in upon her. Into two years are crowded the Dutch war, the Great Plague, the Fire of London, and the fall of Lord Clarendon.

War with the Dutch did not actually break out till March, 1665, but it had been inevitably approaching in the preceding years. The Duke of York, who was Lord High Admiral, was exceedingly anxious to precipitate the conflict, both from his natural talent for war, in which he appeared at his best, being a person of great courage, and from his close sympathy with the merchants, commercial rivals of the Dutch. But the Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, was opposed to the war on the general and wise ground that "the city of London" (as representing the mercantile class) "... had had War enough, and could only become rich by Peace." The Duchess went so far as to remonstrate with her father for his attitude, and earnestly desired him "that He would no more oppose the Duke in that Matter." To which her father gently replied "that She did not enough understand the Consequence of that Affair."¹⁵ However, time was on the side of the war-makers, for commercial rivalry

¹⁵ Lord Clarendon's *Continuation*, Vol. II, pp. 378-83 (ed. 1761).

became daily more embittered. The Dutch seized our ships, and we seized their colonies in America, among them New Amsterdam, rechristened New York. It is one of the ironies of history that the greatest city of the greatest republic in the world should be named after the most stiff-necked of the Stuarts. The Duke of York commanded the fleet in the famous action off Lowestoft in June, 1665, and gained a great victory, a victory which would have been crushing but for the action of one of the Duke's servants, Brouncker, who without his master's knowledge countermanded the order for pursuit of the enemy during the night. Bishop Burnet says that the Duchess had given a "strict charge to all the Duke's servants, to do all they could for hindering him to engage too far."¹⁶ Whether the Duchess was really at the bottom of it, or whether Brouncker acted as he did from personal cowardice, as Lord Clarendon suggests, or whether, which seems most improbable, the Duke himself was secretly responsible, as Burnet suggests, no man can now say. Shortly after the action, the fleet returned, and the Duke of York did not command again during the war, as Charles desired his presence at home. The casualties had been very considerable. Two hundred men perished on the Duke's ship alone, and Lord Falmouth—who has figured earlier in this story as Sir Charles Berkeley—was killed during

¹⁶ Burnet's *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, p. 391.

the action with another nobleman "so near the Duke," says Clarendon, "that his Highness was all covered with their Blood."¹⁷

Early in the summer the plague broke out virulently in London. In one week in September, 7,165 persons died. The disease did not begin to decline till after Christmas, and even then the weekly death-rate was between three and four thousand. Hampton Court, where the Royal Family had early removed, was, at the end of July, considered unsafe, and it was decided that the King and Queen should go to Salisbury, and the Duke and Duchess to York.¹⁸ On July 27, Pepys watched their departure. Greatly to his delight, he was able to pay his respects to the Duchess by kissing her hand, "and it was a most fine white and fat hand. But it was pretty to see the young pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribands, and with laced bands, just like men. Only the Duchess herself it did not become."

Among the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland preserved at Welbeck Abbey is a letter dated August 1, 1665, containing the following wonderful and terrible description of the plague in London. The writer, one John Sturgeon, explaining that he and his chil-

¹⁷ Clarendon's *Continuation*, Vol. II, pp. 506-16.

¹⁸ Clarendon's *Continuation*, Vol. II, pp. 519-21; Vol. III, p. 618. Burnet's *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, p. 390, and footnotes (Airy's edition).

dren are well despite the plague around them—six dying next door—continues :

“ Heare are the frequent alarums of death. Heare is nothing but groaning and crying and dying. Carts are the beeres, wide pits are the graves. The car-kasses of the dead may say with the sons of the prophets, ‘ Behold, the plase where we lye is to strait for us,’ for they are not alowed to lye single in thare earthen beds but are pyled up like fagots in a stack for the society of thare future resurrection. Heare you may mett on [one] pale ghost muffled up under the throat, another dragging his legs after him by reason of the tumor of his groyne, another bespotted with the tokens of instant death ; and yet the greatest plague of all is feu consider the reason why we are plagued.” ¹⁹

London had hardly recovered from this ghastly visitation, and the country was still at death-grips with the Dutch, for the war did not end till a year later, when a fearful fire seized the city. The fire began in a baker’s house at the end of Thames Street, early on Sunday morning, September 1, 1666, and raged till Wednesday. A high wind carried the burning brands in all directions ;

“ the Nights more terrible than the days,” says Clarendon, “ and the Light the same, the Light of the Fire supplying that of the Sun. And indeed whoever was an Eye witness of that terrible Prospect, can never have so lively an Image of the last Conflagra-

¹⁹ Portland MSS., *H.M.C. Rep.*, XIV, App. ii, pp. 292-3.

tion till he beholds it ; the Faces of all People in a wonderful dejection and Discomposure, not knowing where They could repose themselves for one Hour's Sleep. . . ."

The King and the Duke had returned to White-hall early in March, despite the fact that the death-rate from the plague was even then fifteen hundred weekly, though it rapidly decreased thereafter. Both the brothers displayed conspicuous courage during the crisis of the fire. They

"rode from one Place to another and put themselves into great Dangers amongst the burning and falling Houses, to give Advice and Direction what was to be done, underwent as much Fatigue as the meanest, and had as little Sleep or Rest ; and the faces of all Men appeared ghastly and in the highest Confusion."

At last, on Wednesday afternoon, the wind fell and the fire instantly decreased. But the damage had been terrible, and more than two-thirds of London had been burned to the ground. Nevertheless, through the energy of the inhabitants—miraculously there was no loss of life—and the "marvellous Charity" of the people in the neighbouring villages, every one found shelter almost immediately. Moreover, London rose from its ashes with dream-like rapidity. "The so sudden Repair of those formidable Ruins," says Clarendon, "and the giving so great Beauty to all Deformity (a Beauty and a Lustre

that City had never before been acquainted with), is little less wonderful than the Fire that consumed it." ²⁰

The year 1667 was hardly less calamitous. Exhausted by plague and fire, and distracted by an extravagant and ineffectual government, the country was unable to continue the struggle with the Dutch on equal terms. After the crowning disgrace of De Ruyter's raid up the Thames as far as Chatham, the Peace of Breda in July ended the conflict. The result was a draw, but as the war had been entered on with high hopes of overwhelming success, the Peace was regarded as humiliating.

A victim had to be provided, and Charles offered up Lord Clarendon. Undoubtedly he was exceedingly unpopular. He was envied by the old nobility on account of his daughter's marriage, hated by the dissolute courtiers on account of his rectitude—especially by Lady Castlemaine—disliked by the House of Commons for his old-fashioned notions of the royal prerogative, and feared by the Catholics and Nonconformists as a persecuting and intolerant Anglican—which, indeed, he was. And, finally, the King came to dislike him. Charles had fallen passionately in love with the beautiful Miss Frances Stewart. He suspected Clarendon—though without cause—of having arranged her marriage with the Duke of Richmond in March, 1667, at the very

²⁰ Clarendon's *Continuation*, Vol. III, pp. 664-74.

time when he appears to have been contemplating the possibility of a divorce from the Queen in order to marry Miss Stewart himself. But apart from this particular reason, even the most devoted admirer of Clarendon must admit that there was considerable cause for the King's changed attitude. The plain fact is that the Chancellor presumed outrageously on the King's good nature. He lectured him like a schoolboy on the conduct of his private life, he was deliberately offensive to Lady Castlemaine, he laid down the law at Cabinet meetings. These, indeed, were frequently held at his house instead of at Whitehall, on account of the Chancellor's gout, the King good-naturedly attending there rather than inconvenience the Chancellor. On one of these occasions, as we know from Lord Clarendon himself, a severe twinge of the gout caused him, as he lay upon his bed, to administer some exceedingly pungent rebukes to Sir George Downing, who was then rather in the royal favour, in the presence of the King, who may be forgiven for regarding as unsatisfactory this indecorous outburst at a Cabinet meeting.²¹

But though in Charles's vindication all this may properly be said, his ultimate treatment of the Chancellor cannot be justified. For close on thirty years Clarendon had served the King, and his father before him, with devoted loyalty and profound ability.

²¹ Clarendon's *Continuation*, Vol. III, pp. 603-11.

Anne Hyde : Duchess of York

To Clarendon, more than to any other man, Charles owed his restoration. Even if it be admitted that Clarendon's day was done, and that the King had no alternative but to dismiss him, it is impossible to forgive Charles for his refusal to allow the fallen minister to return to his native land. For Clarendon's enforced surrender of the Great Seal in August was followed by his enforced flight and banishment a few months later. The Duchess, taking with her the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Albemarle, went straight to the King at the first hint of her father's impending fall and passionately, though vainly, protested.²² As for the Duke, in his own ingenuous *Memoirs* he confesses how embarrassed he was between his duty to the King and his duty to his father-in-law—"had it not pleased God in the heat of this prosecution to visit him with the Smallpox ; so that before he was able to come abroad this great business was over."²³

Just before her father's fall, the Duchess had suffered the loss of two infant sons—Charles, Duke of Kendal, who died in the first year of his life in May, 1667, and James, Duke of Cambridge, a baby of four years old, who died in June. Pepys, in his *Diary* of May 14, 1667, finds "everybody mightily concerned for these children, as a matter wherein the State is much concerned that they should live,"

²² Clarendon's *Continuation*, Vol. III, p. 827.

²³ Clarke's *Life of James II*, Vol. I, p. 431.

and he observes how "my Lord (Chancellor) did ask, not how the Princes or the Dukes do, as other people do, but 'How do the children?' which methought was mighty great, and like a great man and grandfather." A month or two later, just before her husband's disgrace, Lady Clarendon died.

Nevertheless, despite all these close coming disasters, the Duchess carried on with characteristic courage. Even Pepys, who had always been critical, is moved to admiration. On January 5, 1668, he sees her at Whitehall with the Queen, and notices that "few pay the respect they used, I think, to her ; but she bears all out, with a very great deal of greatness ; that is the truth of it."

There can be no doubt that the Duchess inherited much of her father's ability and outstanding character. Amidst the licence of the Court, the infidelities of her husband, and the quicksand of intrigue in which the King's Government was involved, the Duchess maintained her position with dignity and honour. Her Court was admitted to be more select than that of the Queen, and Count Hamilton speaks of her wit, her just discernment of merit, and "an Air of Grandeur in all her Behaviour."

Her household in 1669 was on a great scale : a Groom of the Stole, a Lady of the Bedchamber, four Maids of Honour, a Secretary, a Master of the Horse, two Equerries, two Gentlemen Ushers and Six Gentlemen Waiters, four Pages of the Back

Stairs, four Lady Dressers, to say nothing of a Starcher, a Sempstress, a Lace-mender, a Laundress, and numberless Grooms, Pages, Watermen, and Chairmen. The children had each a personal establishment, and it is pleasing to know that the Duke of Cambridge had amongst his retinue a Tutor of the French tongue, a Musician, a Laundress to the Body and three Rockers ; the Princess Mary and the Princess Anne were not quite as grand as their baby brother, but they had their own Rockers and dressers, and, of course, each a Page of the Back Stairs.²⁴

Lord Clarendon had, before his fall from power, remonstrated with his daughter on what he regarded as excessive state for a younger son of the Crown, a state modelled on French and not on English customs ; “yet in this He had no Authority with her, nor did She think him a competent Judge of what Expenses Princes should make.”²⁵ The Duke, in everything but affairs of the heart, was by general testimony much under her influence. Mr. Povy, the Duke’s treasurer, told Pepys on January 27, 1668, that the Duchess “do now come like Queen Elizabeth, and sits with the Duke of York’s Council, and sees what they do ; and she crosses out this man’s wages and prices, as she sees fit, for saving

²⁴ J. H. Jesse : *Memoirs of the Court of England*, etc., Vol. III, pp. 475-6.

²⁵ Clarendon’s *Continuation*, Vol. III, p. 647.

money ; but yet, he tells me, she reserves £5,000 a year for her own spending." Poor Mr. Povy ! The Duchess, he said, was " a devil against him," and as Pepys describes him as a most execrable accountant, the reason is not far to seek.

Only once in these eleven years was a suspicion of scandal breathed about the Duchess. In the autumn and winter of 1665 it was said that " the lovely, handsome Sydney "—brother of Algernon, and subsequently created Earl of Romney by William III—paid her particular attentions, and that she returned his regard. The story is told by Count Hamilton, Bishop Burnet, and Sir John Reresby, but neither of the two former suggest any actual misconduct, while Reresby definitely clears her. " She was a very handsome woman," he says, " and had a great deal of wit, therefore it was not without reason that Mr. Sydney, the handsomest youth of his time, of the Duke's bedchamber, was so much in love with her, as appeared to us all, and the Duchess not unkind to him, but very innocently. He was afterwards banished the Court for another reason, as was reported." ²⁶

Bishop Burnet says that the Duke resented his wife's jealousy of his amours, that he thought he would turn the tables on her by acting as though there was something in the affair, and so created almost a public scandal by instantly dismissing

²⁶ Reresby's *Memoirs*, pp. 64-5 (Cartwright's edition).

Sydney. Burnet further links the incident with the Duchess's subsequent conversion to Roman Catholicism. He suggests that the Duchess, finding her influence with the Duke gone, conceived that there was only one way to recover it, and that was to probe into the secret of the Duke's religion. Whether this was the reason, or a more profound political design (the Queen was a Catholic, and on account of her childlessness it was suggested she should become a nun, so as to enable Charles to marry again ; whereupon the Duchess, so it was said, sent a notice of her own conversion to Rome, from whence orders were despatched dissuading the Queen from this step), or whether the conversion was in every sense sincere, all this is uncertain.²⁷

The Duchess has herself put on record the reasons for her conversion. She says that in November, 1669, she was unsettled by reading Heylin's *History of the Reformation*, and was shocked on discovering the political origin of the Reformation in England—the complication of Henry VIII's divorce and subsequent events. Thereafter she researched into doctrine and could find no harm in belief in the Real Presence, the infallibility of the Church, Confession, and Prayers for the Dead. She consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Blanford, who delivered uncertain oracles. On Christmas Day, 1669, she received the Sacrament in the King's

²⁷ Burnet's *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, pp. 405-6, 474.

Chapel according to the rites of the Church of England, in an agony of doubt. Later she spoke to a Catholic friend, who introduced a priest to her, and thereafter she became converted. She concludes with this simple statement :

“ I am not able, or if I were, would I enter into Disputes with any Body : I only in short, say this for the changing of my Religion, which I take God to witness I would never have done, if I had thought it possible to save my Soul otherwise. I think I need not say, it is any Interest in this World leads me to it : It will be plain enough to everybody, that I must lose all the Friends and Credit I have here by it ; and have very well weighed which I could best part with, my share in this World or the next. I thank God I found no difficulty in the Choice.

“ My only Prayer is, that the Poor Catholics of this Nation may not suffer from my being of their Religion, that God would but give me Patience to bear them, and then send me any afflictions in the World, so I may enjoy a blessed Eternity hereafter.” ²⁸

This paper is dated from St. James's Palace, August 20, 1670. The conversion was known only to the King, the Duke (who had himself been converted in 1669), Lady Cranmore, Depuy (a servant of the Duke's), and Father Hunt, who reconciled her. The King insisted that profound secrecy should be observed, in order that public feeling might not be outraged.

²⁸ Printed in Kennet's *History of England*, Vol. III, pp. 292-3 (edition 1706).

Anne Hyde : Duchess of York

It is difficult now to appreciate the horror with which our seventeenth-century ancestors regarded Catholicism. They associated it with a thousand terrors, with the martyrs of Mary's reign, with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, with the Spanish Armada, with the Gunpowder Plot, and with dark political tyranny, intrigue, and persecution.

The secret was well kept. Nevertheless, the mere fact that the Duchess had ceased to take the Sacrament in the Church of England way, which she had been accustomed all her life to do once a month, roused suspicion.

But the hour was at hand when, for the Duchess, suspicion would no longer matter. She had for some time been suffering from an obscure disease, and suddenly fell into the agony of death. According to the account in her husband's memoirs,²⁹

“she dyed with great devotion and resignation, and the morning before her death (March 31, 1671), finding herself very ill that she could not long hold out, she desir'd the Duke not to stir from her till she was dead ; and that in case Doctor Blanford, Bishop of (Oxford), or any other of the Bishops, should come to speak to her, he would tell them the truth : That she was reconcil'd to the Church of Rome, and had accordingly received already the Sacraments ; But, if when so told, they still insisted to see her, they might come in, provided they would

²⁹ Clarke's *Life of James II*, Vol. I, pp. 451-3.

not disturb her by discoursing to her of Controversy : And accordingly, when Doctor Blanford soon after came the same morning to see her, being brought thither by her Brother, Mr. Laurence Hide, now Earl of Rochester (who did not certainly know that she was become a Catholick), the Duke meeting the Bishop in the drawing Room, told him what the Duchess had charged him with ; and being further satisfied by the Duke, that she was reconcil'd, he said to him, He made no doubt but that she would do well (that was his expression) since she was fully convinced, and did it not out of any worldly end ; and afterwards went into the room to her, and made her a short Christian exhortation suitable to the condition she was in, and then departed. Her Brother, the Lord Cornbury, a violent Church of England man, came not near her when she was so ill, because he suspected she was become a Catholick."

Bishop Burnet says that the Queen, a devout Catholic, came and sat by the dying woman. In an illuminating comment, showing how intolerant and obtuse in some things was even that most enlightened of Whigs, Protestants, and historians, he observes :

" He (Blanford) was modest and humble even to a fault ; so he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the Queen out of the room ; but that not being done, she pretending kindness, would not leave her."

Anne Hyde : Duchess of York

Then he proceeds with that memorable description of the last moments :

“ The Bishop spoke but little, and fearfully. He happened to say he hoped she continued still in the truth : upon which she asked, ‘ What is truth ? ’ ; and then, her agony increasing, she repeated the word ‘ *truth, truth,* ’ very often, and died in a few minutes. . . . ” ³⁰

Burnet adds that the Duchess was “ little beloved or lamented ” in her death, and he explains this by her haughtiness, and by the change of her religion, which, though “ she was indeed a firm and a kind friend,” caused her death to be reckoned in those intolerant times rather as a blessing than as a loss. Her father, in his forlorn banishment, had sent a long and beautiful letter defending the Anglican form of faith, and pathetically asking her not to take what he regarded as a fatal step before he could reason with her, even if only by letter. But his appeal reached England after the Duchess’s death. It was merciful that she should have been saved this final bitterness.

On April 5, 1671, the body of the Duchess of York was buried in state in King Henry VII’s Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

³⁰ Burnet’s *History of My Own Time*, Vol. I, pp. 556–8.

GOSSIP OF
THE REIGN OF
QUEEN ANNE

GOSSIP OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

SEARCHING lately at the British Museum through the vast array of volumes issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission—and published on their behalf by His Majesty's Stationery Office—in quest of a thread which I hoped might guide me to a certain obscure corner of the literary world, I came upon three volumes entitled *The Manuscripts of the Earl Cowper, K.G., preserved at Melbourne Hall, Derbyshire*.¹ I glanced through these volumes, and though they brought me no nearer my original goal, I found them so fascinating that I thought a few gleanings from them might please others as they had pleased me : for I believe that very few persons are familiar with these documents, despite their publication in 1888-9. The first manuscript is dated 1551 and the last 1726. It is, however, with the later documents that we are at present concerned, not

¹ It may not be generally realised that the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission and the various publications of the Public Record Office can be purchased either direct from H.M. Stationery Office or through any bookseller.

because the others are not full of good things, but rather because there has lately been a considerable revival of public interest in the early eighteenth century, for which the performances of *The Beggar's Opera* and *Polly* are largely responsible. Moreover, the time of Queen Anne is essentially fascinating to this generation. A man of to-day can converse with the greatest possible ease with his ancestor of the year 1700, despite his being a grandfather to the fourth great, but it becomes a little more difficult to gossip quite as freely with seventeenth- or sixteenth-century ghosts. It would be embarrassing to be obliged to refer to a glossary in the middle of a casual conversation about the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Ship Money, or the fashions of those opulent beauties whom Sir Peter Lely delighted to paint.

These Melbourne manuscripts consist almost entirely of correspondence—literally thousands of letters—addressed to various generations of the distinguished (Derbyshire) Coke family, of whom the first to appear on the scene is Sir John Coke, one of the two principal Secretaries of State from 1625 to 1639. The manuscripts end with Thomas Coke, great-grandson of Sir John, Vice-Chamberlain of the Household to Queen Anne and her successor, George I, from 1706 to his death in 1727. It is with Thomas Coke that we are concerned, or rather with his various correspondents, for there are few of his own letters. No account of the said Thomas, despite his

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importance in his own day, is given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and it may be useful to recite the details of his life as outlined—together with details of the lives of other distinguished members of the Coke family, in the introductory prefaces to these volumes.

Thomas Coke was born in 1674, the son of John Coke, a Derbyshire country squire and sometime Member of Parliament for the Borough of Derby in the reign of James II. Educated at New College, Oxford, Thomas afterwards went abroad for a time and stayed in the Low Countries, visiting there the household of King William III at Loo. On his return to England he was elected a Member of Parliament for the County of Derby in 1698, which constituency he represented till 1710. Afterwards he represented the Borough of Grampound in Cornwall. After holding various minor official appointments he was made Vice-Chamberlain in 1706 and continued in the same office till his death on May 17, 1727. He married twice, his first wife being Lady Mary Stanhope,² elder daughter of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield. She died some five and a half years later in January, 1703-4, leaving two daughters. In 1709 he married another Mary,

² This Lady Mary Coke (as she became) is not to be confused with the literary Lady Mary Coke, a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, who flourished in the later half of the eighteenth century, and who figures in one of Mr. Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes*.

daughter of William Hall, Esquire, of King's Walden, Herts, a maid of honour to Queen Anne. Through his daughter Charlotte, by this second marriage, Thomas Coke was destined to become great-grandfather of William, second Viscount Melbourne, Queen Victoria's beloved Prime Minister, while his great-granddaughter Emily Lamb became the wife of Lord Palmerston. Of Melbourne, the house, it may be said in passing that it was the old rectory of the parish of that name. Attached to the Bishopric of Carlisle since the twelfth century, it was leased for three lives to Sir John Coke by the then Bishop of Carlisle in 1628, and in 1704 by Act of Parliament the lease, in return for an increased ecclesiastical endowment, was converted into freehold in favour of Thomas Coke. In its purely ecclesiastical days the rectory had often housed the Bishops of Carlisle in mediæval times, when they found their own See in uncomfortable proximity to marauding Scots,³ and few quiet old English country rectories have been more closely associated through the centuries with the names of famous men.

And now we may begin our gossip—in the course of which we shall follow up the winding threads of various lives—with some charming letters from Lady Mary Coke to her husband in the last year of the reign of William III. She refers to her "little

³ *Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire*, by J. Charles Cox, Vol. III, p. 396, 1877.



[*Melbourne Hall*

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS COKE, M.P.

Vice-Chamberlain of the Household

BY MICHAEL DAHL

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cribber," whereby we are to understand that a daughter has just made its appearance. We are also to understand that Thomas Coke has just failed to be returned for the County of Derby, but as he retrieved the position at the end of the same year, 1701, the defeat was not of much importance ; moreover, let us hope it gave his young wife some more of his company of which public affairs too often deprived her.

⁴ 1700-1, January 14. London.—Lady Mary Coke to Thomas Coke at his house at Mell Bourn, by Darby Bagg.

"Though I ought to be a little sorry, my dear may have been a little dissappointed in the affairs of the election, yet give me leave now to rejoice that I may hope to have you soon with me, which is the real pleasure of my life ; and also that I may reasonably expect to have more of your company than if you had been Parliament man. . . . I was vexed to hear by Mr. Fisher's letter that the Duke of Newcastle's agents was wholly against you, for it proves him to be as false as covetous. But I hope, my dear, that Fisher's letter may be in a mistake, especially if you do not think of coming back this ten days. . . . How tedious any absence from you appears cannot be expressed at this distance, but expect when you come to be deafed with it. I believe if my little cribber could speak 'twould do the same. . . . I carried Norboon and eldest Tye last night to her

⁴ *The Manuscripts of the Earl Cowper, K.G., preserved at Melbourne Hall, Derbyshire.* Vol. II, p. 415.

Highness, who was extremely civil, and offered me a stool to sit down and play at basset ; but I refused and told her I durst not venture for fear of loving it too well. I own though I had a mind once for I had my Grannum's two guineas in my pocket. But this morning, I have, for fear of temptation, laid out a great deal of it in quilt and pillows, I think the finest in town without vanity. There was a great beauty at Court last night, Lord Peterborough's daughter, but so ill bred, she could not make a curtsey. Captain Every makes love to la B. . . . most violently, and really she is charming. The Duke of Bedford has presented Mrs. Ophell with a set of gold plate. Duke of Devonshire, though too young for Council, yet would not be thought too cold for Trull, makes love with blind eyes behind the scenes every night, and has made a song to her in the name of Ophelia. The bell rings for my letter, and makes me lose the happiness of fancying I am talking with my dear, to whom I am sincerely ever your most affectionate wife."

⁵ (1700-1), January 19. London.—Lady Mary Coke to Thomas Coke at his house at Mellbourn, by Darby Bagg.

"I began to grow very uneasy that two posts had passed without the happiness of hearing from you : at last I began to hope that you might be setting forward hither, but the Duchess of Devonshire informed me that Lord James Cavendish had told her that the day you dined with them all, you

⁵ Vol. II, p. 416.

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spoke as if you did not think of coming till next week, and that you called in Gloucestershire. I hope 'tis a mistake, and that my dear will make all the haste back to me that is possible. . . . I hope the next post I may be assured of the day you design me the happiness of seeing you. I am sorry to hear by the account Lord Scarsdale has given my father that the Lords have dealt so meanly in the election with you as not only to shut out Mr. Perpoints [Pierrepont's] votes, but to bring in people that were not freeholders. But since my dear came off with so much honour, I am very well satisfied, though my father was mightily for your being chose for any borough, that the A . . . family might not have their ends, which has been so long in cogitation. Lord Chinay [Cheyne] is chose for two places, and to be sure would be glad to dispose of it well. Sister Fanshawe has been in town this week, and lodges next door to the Jocalet [Chocolate] House : how long she continues there I know not, but I believe she is very busy about the life. I have her company every day at dinner, and am sorry there is not room for her to lie here : But the nursery is not yet fitted, and I must keep that room empty that it may be neat. I am much obliged to old Mother Pye for she takes violent care of me, and desires I will not be too much overjoyed when you come. . . . I have not set the chimney piece till you come, because there is some wood or wainscot which I do not know whether I may meddle with or no. Lady Baltimore is dead. Lord Anglesey very ill of a complication of diseases : his girl likely now to live, and do well. Poor Mrs. Creed, that was so ill, says 'tis for love of that filthy

fellow Colonel Rols : they endeavour to make her believe he is dead. Staring Creed is come back, and has brought with him for rarities a Marmoset and a parrot. . . .”

⁶ 1700-1, January 21. London.—Lady Mary Coke to Thomas Coke, at the Lord Stanhope’s house, at the Palace at Lichfield.

“ You will forgive me my impatience to see you, for your absence is so tedious to me that I hope it will plead my excuse. I am sensible of the great obligations you have to all the gentlemen in the country, and wish your thanks were over. . . . I hope this may appear a just reason to my brother Stanhope for shortening your stay there, though I would not for the world have you venture to come till the waters will safely permit. Admiral Rook is married to Mrs. Lutterell ; I intend to send to wish her joy. My cousin Clarke and cousin Turner have been here all this afternoon at picket, and my sister Fanshaw (who has removed her lodging farther from the Jocalet [Chocolate] house, for we could not offer to visit her there). We all agreed very well, but the aunt and niece have had tough disputes. . . . Now not to be scandalous I think they are rivals for Lord D. ; for I am deafened with the discourse of his beauty. Mrs. Stephens is married without her father’s consent to one Mr. Phillips. My father was here this afternoon : he presents his service to you, and is very glad brother Stanhope was so kind in your affairs. Give me leave to say, my dear,

⁶ Vol. II, pp. 416-17.

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I am sure he would have took it well if you had writ to thank him since the election. My sister Fanshaw stays here for supper, therefore forces me to leave off from the only real pleasure I can take in your absence. But, my dear, if the waters should be high give me the satisfaction of hearing from you."

A year passes and Thomas Coke and Mr. John Curzon have just been returned to Parliament as representatives of the County of Derby : they had defeated the Whiggish Lords Hartington and Roos after a stiff struggle. The latter were greatly annoyed, and brought a petition to have the election annulled on the ground of malpractices, but after much ado they finally decided to drop it. Lady Mary Coke writes to her husband from Melbourne.

⁷ 1701-2, January 13. Mellbourn.—Lady Mary Coke to Thomas Coke at his house in St. James's Place, London.

" Since my dear encourages me to the only pleasure I have, or ever can think of, in your absence, which is by expressing my kindness by all opportunities, you need not fear but I'll trouble you every post, though at the same time I am sorry I have nothing to repeat but still constant assurances of my being ever yours ; and that sound is so extreme pleasing to me from you, that I will not doubt but it has the same effect from me to you. My sisters and I being now alone, we sit working all day long in their room, and sup there sometimes, musing in the fire, till

our eyes are burnt out of our heads, and then that moves my spleen to laugh to think if any of our town acquaintances could see us. I believe if I were dying I could not help a jocose now and then ; but 'tis now a fortnight since my dear went, and I flatter myself that in one month more perhaps my happiness may appear here in you. Let me know pray how your affairs of the Petition stand ; that is, when it comes on. Sir Nat. Curzon has got, I hear, many witnesses and Mr. Troughton says Mr. G of Darby can witness, if occasion be, of the Lords' bribery for votes. This with many other circumstances will expose them and justify you. I pity Lady Anglesey by the account you gave me : but 'tis certainly her duty. I have a copy of verses very pretty upon the death of Lord Anglesey, though they are severe upon our sex, and especially upon the name of wife. I would send them you but that perhaps it exposes our faults too much ; and I am sure I would have you perceive mine but as little as is possible ; though indeed I do but jest as to my own particular. But I think it best to keep them till you come, that it may make you relish our conversation after all your entertainments, besides fine voices and sublime speeches. Adieu, my dear ; make me happy as soon as you can, for with you I can have no doubts nor fears : and without you there never was, nor never can be, any real satisfaction to her who is most faithfully, my dearest, ever yours."

A little later she writes referring to the arrangement for converting Melbourne Rectory into freehold,

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mentioned above ; she thinks the transaction "very chargeable," being "five hundred pounds advantage to the Bishop of Carlisle, and £15 a year more to the Incumbent." She fears her husband may "forget you have one girl, and (please God we live) may have more." Her husband had evidently rebuked her for corresponding too affectionately with her cousin, and she turns the tables on him in her explanation :

^s "I could not forbear smiling at your rebuke for the paper of 'Dear Cousin' : but I did not send it, only my letter to you was writ before I saw it, and being sleepy I let it go as it was. The letter was designed to my cousin Francis at Darby, who I desired to inquire me out a nursery maid, because your crib is weaning. Had I designed it for any other cousin my dear should have known by a fuller direction than an old-fashioned compliment. . . ."

Meanwhile Lord Chesterfield (grandfather of the great Lord Chesterfield), Thomas Coke's father-in-law, has been writing a number of short, pleasant little notes about different matters of ordinary interest : "the small pox is very much in town, which now doth begin to be hot," (it was June) "and the cries of peas, cherries and strawberries do tell me that it is time for me to be at Bretby." A little later, November, 1701 :

"Your enquiry how we passed our journey engages

^s Vol. II, p. 453.

me to tell you that my new bedcoach made my coming up so easy, that for the future I shall not apprehend the going anywhere in such a coach. . . . I never saw the town at this time of the year so dull and so empty, but the return of his Majesty, who landed yesterday morning at 9 o'clock at Margate and who will be here this night, will soon fill it with Parliament men, who 'tis concluded will unanimously engage in a war."

And the next year, the first of the reign of Queen Anne—for William III died in March, 1702—saw England embarked on that great war of the Spanish Succession which lasted till the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, a war caused by the overweening arrogance of France, at least of Louis XIV, who sought to establish a French Overlordship of Europe.

We will usher in the reign of Queen Anne with some miscellaneous correspondence which will draw up the curtain upon a variety of scenes in town and country.

Of the Queen herself, who just appears in the first letter, it will suffice to remind the reader that, born in 1665, she was the daughter of James II and Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon (the marriage caused a first-class scandal in 1660, of which Lord Clarendon has left an unforgettable account, see the two essays which precede); that she married Prince George of Denmark, of whom the historian Stanhope remarks "if there were in England any

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person duller than Her Majesty, that person was Her Majesty's consort, Prince George of Denmark";⁹ that she bore her husband seventeen children, of whom sixteen died in infancy and only one, the Duke of Gloucester, survived to his twelfth year, his death then creating the crisis which ended in the Act of Settlement; that she was successively under the influence of two favourites, the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham; and that she died in 1714.

Despite her supposed dullness her name has come down to posterity as "good Queen Anne," and if she was dull, Heaven knows she suffered enough with the loss of seventeen children to oppress both head and heart. But in any case she deserves to be for ever honoured for her message to Mesnager, the French envoy of peace in 1711: "It is a good work; pray God prosper you in it. I am sure I long for peace: I hate this dreadful work of blood."¹⁰

¹¹ (1701-2), March 18. London.—Earl of Chesterfield to Lady Mary Coke.

"Since I writ to you last, dear daughter, (my gout being gone) the first time I went abroad I went with the impudence of an old courtier to pay my duty to her Majesty; and without anybody to introduce me, sent in my name and was soon admitted into Her

⁹ *The Reign of Queen Anne*, by the Earl Stanhope, Vol. I, p. 43.

¹⁰ *Idem* (*The Reign of Queen Anne*), Vol. II, p. 229.

¹¹ Vol. III (*Melbourne Manuscripts*), pp. 1-2.

Majesty's closet, where there was nobody but Prince George. And after having been received very graciously, and stayed a quarter of an hour, I took my leave, telling Her Majesty that I did not come upon the account of any business, but only to pay my duty, and therefore I would not detain Her Majesty any longer. My opinion is that, if Her Majesty would have no favourites, but choose a wise Council, and rely upon a Parliament, she might have so happy a reign as to eclipse that of Queen Elizabeth : but the event of all things depends on fate, or rather Providence. . . . I do not yet hear when the funeral of the late King will be, nor whether it will be public or private : nor when the coronation will be, which most people think will be put off till the next Session of Parliament : but others say that all these things will be fixed to-morrow at Council. . . . I hear that you are to be this summer at Wing, and I do not doubt but that by the next winter you will be fixed in town. . . . I could wish that my daughter Wotton were here at the coronation for then she would see the glory of England, and now all the town is in mourning and there are no plays, as being all forbid. I do return you many thanks for all your kindness and good advice to Wotton,¹² but one cannot make a velvet purse of a sow's ear (as the proverb says) : and all your good advice to him, as well as mine, is but labour in vain. I have sent by the last post a very angry letter to Mr. Wilkins, because he assured me before I set him a work that the whole charge would be but 400*£*., or at most

¹² Lord Wotton, his son.

450*£.*, and he has received that sum already, and the work is not nigh done. Mr. Coke came just now to me, and told me that he has sent for you to town, because the House of Commons have made him one of the six commissioners for stating the accounts of the nation. This employment will be extremely laborious, continues but for one year, and the salary is but 500*£.* a year, which is no great matter for so continual an attendance : but I hope this will be an introduction to something that will be much better."

¹³ 1702, April 1. Derby.—William Brookhouse to Thomas Coke, a Member of Parliament.

"The poor prisoners for debt within my custody have sent up a petition to the House of Commons for an Act for their releasement. I therefore at their request do make bold to acquaint you that I believe all their conditions to be so deplorable as requires your Honourable House to consider how to relieve them. . . . I do assure you that it is as poor a gaol as any in the kingdom, and there are many who have remained here some years for debts of four or five pounds value which in all this time they never could raise money to pay. And most of those whose debts are greater have been willing to divest themselves of all they had in order to purchase reconciliation with their creditors, whose severity hath been such as to continue them here. If at liberty they might not only be a support to their respective families, but also take off a great burthen and charge from the county. So that I humbly desire you may be an

¹³ Vol. III (*Melbourne Manuscripts*), p. 4.

instrument of this work of so charitable a nature, and promote such an Act as may release all those who are desirous to pay their last penny to their creditors : in doing which you'll not only do the greatest act of charity for them and their distressed families, but also a great piece of service to the country, which is at the charge of maintaining them."

¹⁴ 1702, April 11. The Rising Sun at Hockley in the Hole, London.—Patritius Horne to the Honble. Mr. Cooke at his house in St. James's Place.

"I humbly thank you for the kindness you offer me in that you will recommend my ale to my Lady Marlborough. I have been preparing a small quantity of ale for the purpose which I will do myself the honour to present you with within this eight or ten days. I will only add that it was brewed within this ten days, which creates a fear in me that the newness of it may make it the less palatable."

¹⁵ 1702, April 25. On board Her Majesty's Ship the *Monk* (Monck ?) now riding at an Anchor at the Buoy in the Nore.—John Littill to Thomas Coke in St. James's Place, London.

" . . . Blessed be God I am very well, hoping to Almighty God you are the same. We set sail from Smyrna the 2nd of January and arrived at the Nore the 12th of April. We had a very long voyage and very short of provisions, for we was at a quart of water a day and three pound of bread a week, for three months' time, which went very hard. Our ship's

¹⁴ Vol. III, pp. 5-6.

¹⁵ Vol. III, pp. 6, 7.

company was all imprest on board the ship. Sir, this is to satisfy your Honour that we do expect for to sail for the Straits with all speed. This is the second letter I have sent since I have been on board, for to satisfy your Honour that Captain Smith hath been a great rogue to me all the voyage, and never taught me navigation nor nothing else, but what I took on my own head ; which was but so much money and time lost. But now I am entered in pay as an able seaman 23s. per month ; I do not question but in a little time to recover my lost time. I hope your Honour will be pleased for to order an answer to be writ for me."

¹⁶ 1702, April 27. A printed paper in the form of a play bill, having at the top the royal arms between the letters A.R. (Anna Regina).

At the Bear Garden in Hockley in the Hole, near Clerkenwell Green.

" These are to give notice to all gentlemen, gamesters, and others that on this present Monday, being the 27th of April 1702, a great match is to be fought by a bald-faced Dog of Middlesex against a fallow Dog of Cow Cross, for a Guinea each Dog, five let-goes out of hand, which goes fairest and furthest in wins all : being a General Day of Sport by all the Old Gamesters, and a great mad Bull to be turned loose in the Game-place, with Fire-works all over him, and two or three Cats ty'd to his Tail, and Dogs after them. Also other variety of Bull-baiting and Bear-baiting. Beginning at two of the Clock."

¹⁶ Vol. III, p. 7.

On a note attached to this document is a statement by Thomas Coke's descendant, the Hon. George Lamb, M.P. for Dungarvan, to the effect that he read the said document in the House of Commons in the debate on the second reading of a Bill "against Bear-baiting and other cruel practices," on the 11th of March, 1825, and that the Bill was defeated by 50 votes to 32.

Thomas Coke was now becoming an influential figure in political and Court circles and numerous letters reach him from constituents, friends, and relations soliciting favours. Lord Chesterfield had not been an old courtier for nothing, and knowing what his son-in-law was in for, writes a very diplomatic note. He had just sent a letter from Bretby (May, 1702) complaining that the dry weather and north-east winds "have blasted many of my young bearing peach trees, which I believe is almost as great a disappointment to me, who do only pretend to be a gardener, as the missing of a place at Court is to the Lord F who I hear will not stick at any price to get one."

He follows this up with the diplomatic note referred to above :—

¹⁷ (1702, May?) Earl of Chesterfield to Thomas Coke, M.P.

"Though I am always very unwilling to trouble my friends, yet I doubt, now you are engaged in

¹⁷ Vol. III, pp. 9, 10.

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business, I shall be desired by so many persons of quality to recommend their concerns to you that it will be an uneasiness to us both, and therefore I wish that you could furnish me with a general answer. I know how to turn off little people, but for persons of great quality they must be treated with more respect, and this is the occasion of my sending you the enclosed paper, and desiring to know what answer shall be made."

(Inclosure). Duchess of Devonshire to Earl of Chesterfield.

"The receipt I told you of my woman forgot to keep a copy of, else I had sent it you. . . . If your Lordship thinks it proper to speak in the behalf of a gentleman that I have from several people a good character of to Mr. Coke, I should be glad of it, having married a kinswoman of mine (I inclose the request), and if not inconvenient to comply will obleege your Lordship's faithful servant and sister."

Before turning our eyes to more stirring scenes connected with the war we must return for a moment to Lady Mary Coke. There are three letters from her addressed to her husband from Bath ("the Bath") in the summer of 1703, but they are sad letters, for it is clear she is suffering much pain from "violent fits of the cholic," and we would hurry over this sorrow and reach the inevitable end. Early in January, 1704, she died, doubtless as bravely and cheerfully as she had lived, for we remember her letter of two years ago, "I believe if I were dying I

could not help a jocose now and then." There is a note dated January 13th, "for the use of two rooms and staircase in deep mourning and hall with a border for six months, £20," a bill for the funeral, "two Pennons wrought in crimson silk £5." . . . "12 Escotcheons in buckram at 2s. per piece," etc., and a beautiful letter from Lord Chesterfield to Thomas Coke with which we will take our leave of that most pleasant nobleman.

¹⁸ 1703-4, January 22. Earl of Chesterfield to Thomas Coke.

"Since I find that I have not strength enough of mind (on this occasion) to come to you, as I ought, permit me to make use of this means to express the high sense I have of all the kindness that you showed to my poor daughter ; and to assure you that though she is gone, I shall always embrace your interest as my own, and value the two poor infants that she has left as a tie of our inviolable friendship. I ought also to wait upon the ladies your sisters, and to say more to them than I am able to express for their transcendant favours to her who is gone during all her illness. But these thoughts do so tear my soul that I must crave some time to be allowed me before I can speak calmly after such a storm, that has disordered my remaining life, and made me lose all the comfort and joy that remained to an old man, who is your most affectionate father and very unfortunate servant."

¹⁸ Vol. III, p. 29.

Meanwhile upon the Continent the combatants were grappling, though without, so far, any sort of decisive issue. Marlborough had taken the field in July, 1702, and from several of Thomas Coke's correspondents come accounts of marching and counter-marching, sieges, pauses, and the humdrum weary monotony of war. For a campaign viewed apart from the suffering incidental to it, and from the relatively few great and decisive moments in it, is the very quintessence of miserable and drab monotony. I do not propose to inflict upon the reader the sense of nausea which must come upon anyone of this generation who has experienced the daily routine of war, and who, in reading of that routine as enacted two hundred years ago, must reflect, with a sense almost of despair, upon the blind suffering which men have inflicted upon one another in pursuit of the vanity of power.

"It is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

It will, however, be of interest to follow the all-too-brief career of one of Thomas Coke's correspondents, who refers more to his small personal needs than to the military events with which he was concerned. This is one, Thomas Burton, of Holmesfield in Derbyshire. The first mention we get of him is from a letter of his brother, Michael Burton, to Thomas Coke in March, 1702, in the course of which he says :—

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“I have writ to my brother in all things to conform himself to your advice and disposition of him, being confident they will be to his very great advantage. I have given Mr. F. Wright orders to assist my brother with money to defray the fees and expenses of his commission, if he have the good success through your favour to obtain one.”

In July, Thomas is already in the field and writes to Thomas Coke as follows :—

¹⁹ 1702, July 30. From the Camp at Ppear (?). Thomas Burton to Thomas Coke.

“I have received my commission from my Lord Mallberow [Marlborough] : as soon as I presented your letter, it was granted, which I restore you many thanks for. My Lord Mallberow presents his service to you, as per his orders in my letter. I am in Sir Bevil Grinfield's [Granville's] regiment, and a few lines of recommendation from you will do me a great kindness to the Lieutenant Corronall. . . . I cannot have the money from my brother out of the country so soon as I want it, for to buy me a tent, a bed, a baggage horse and a gold sash, which the Corronall says that I must buy these things. I desire in the mean time 20£. till I hear from my brother, which I desire per first post.”

²⁰ 1702, September 12. From the Camp. Thomas Burton to Thomas Coke, Piccadilly, London.

“That money I had of Mr. Francis Wright was 20 £. ; he knows I did pay 10 £. of it away in London,

¹⁹ Vol. III, p. 14.

²⁰ Vol. III, pp. 15, 16.

and 10 £. I had left for to bring me to Holland, when I went from Williamstart [Willemstadt] to the Hague to wait on my Lord Mallberow. I was forced to stay there a fortnight before I could come to the Camp, and when I came to the Camp, I was six weeks before I received my commission. I was forced to borrow money to pay my charges. Pray judge whether 20 £. will buy me a scarlett suit, and a horse, tent and bedding, and pay for my commission. I beg the favour of you that you will speak to my brother, or else I shall not have it."

²¹ 1702, November 8. Geartenden Bord (Gertruidenberg).—Thomas Burton to Thomas Coke at his house in St. James's.

"I have not heard from my brother since you writ to Lieutenant Pope that my brother would provide money for me. What money I owe for my commission and tent and carrying baggage is stopped out of my pay, now that I am come to garrison, all at once, so that I shall have nothing to live on all this winter. I am as poor as Job, and I must buy me bedclothes, and gold sash and silk scarf, and a great many things. Here is a gentleman in the regiment that laid down the money upon honour ; if I don't pay him, it will stain my reputation. . . . It will cost 50 £. to acquit me. This bearer is a Captain in my regiment, and if you think fit to pay him what money I shall have, it will be paid here per his order."

Then there is a letter from Michael Burton to Thomas Coke in March of 1703 giving an account

²¹ Vol. III, p. 18.

of what was due to his brother under his father's will, and a month later Thomas writes to his brother.

²² 1703, April 1. Gertrudenburg. Thomas Burton to (Michael Burton).

"I have heard that my father is dead. I sent several letters which I hope that you gave him. I am very much concerned that I did not see him, but I may thank my mother for it. God forgive her. I hope you will let me hear how things are settled, and the will. I hope my father has been kind to me. If he had lived to have seen me in England, he had been vindicated of me by my behaviour, and the officers of the army, that know my character. She will be a little humble : she will not give herself the airs she has done : but God preserve her. I hope you will not forget your promise, when I gave you a note for 40 £ you said that if you heard well of me, you would forgive me. . . . I think I shall have occasion to buy a Captain's commission for little, in this regiment. We are very busy exercising, and expect to march. Love to your wife, sister Prew and sister Betty."

Early in 1704 he is at home staying with his brother and raising levies in Derbyshire, and there is talk of his buying a Captain's commission with Michael Burton's and Thomas Coke's help. This he succeeded in doing, for he writes a brief note in April as follows :—

²² Vol. III, p^r 31

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²³ 1704, April 25. Thomas Burton to Thomas Coke at Melbourn.

"Since I saw you I have bought me a captain's commission of the Lieut-Coronall in our regiment, and made it my interest to have mine Ensign commission for my cousin Burton. I hope to be in Holland, if the wind serves, on Friday come seven nights, to present my cousin to the regiment. My Lord is very kind to me on your account. I have received the 25£., but not that of Captain Mounger. I have discharged all your and mine remainder of my fortune to my brother."

On August 13, 1704, was fought the Battle of Blenheim, an account of which is given by another correspondent of Thomas Coke's, Captain Richard Pope.

²⁴ 1704, August 16th, Dillingen. Captain Richard Pope to Thomas Coke.

"I did not give you an account of the affair of Schellenberg, because it appeared to me with a different face to what it did over all Europe, it being in my opinion a considerable advantage purchased at a dear rate, rather than a victory. But this last that my Lord Tunbridge brings you an account of is the greatest and most glorious action that has happened in several ages, to the immortal glory of the Queen's arms, to the perpetual fame of my Lord Duke, who exposed himself as much as any officer or soldier in the army, and much more than most of the generals.

As to the number the enemy has lost, 'tis probable they will never be so ingenuous to publish—'tis so great, and they lie so dispersed that we cannot compute it. We have taken prisoners Marshal Tallard, the general of their horse, the general of the dragoons, 4 lieutenant-generals, 3 major-generals, 7 brigadiers, 27 battalions of foot, 12 squadrons of dragoons with all their horses, 34 pieces of cannon, standards and colours near 200. This great victory gained at a very reasonable rate, and wholly owing to the left wing. The right, though commanded by the great Prince Eugene, contributed very little towards it. Major Creed being killed in the action, Mr. Cardenel and Colonel Sibourg tell me I may depend upon having a troop ; but they have not yet settled the majority, being unwilling to give it Prime for some good reasons: yet being eldest captain and wounded in the action seems to counterbalance. I have escaped very well in both these actions, but had my horses shot under me in both—in this last in the middle of the enemy, and had been infallibly killed, if English troopers had not been much braver than French gens d'armes. Colonel Sibourg had the same fortune, but was ridden over by two or three squadrons and very much bruised. To give you my opinion how this great matter was brought about—next to overruling Providence—it is owing to two things ; first, a very good disposition of our troops, which, as is reported here, was concerted betwixt my Lord Duke and Prince Eugene only ; and secondly, a very great fault committed by Marshal Tallard, who putting 26 battalions into the village of Blenheim to cover the right of his army so weakened the centre that with our horse we pierced a

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passage to the town of Houghstat [Höchstädt], and cut off all communication betwixt the right and left wings of their army. I hear Captain Burton is killed."

We will end, as we began, with some milder gossip, but drawn at random, for our glimpse of the war has sufficed ; nevertheless, this brief note from Thomas Coke's London housekeeper shows that dangers were not confined to the field.

²⁵ 1704, October 3. London. Elinor Gayman to the Honourable Squire Coke, at his house at Melborn in Darbyshire.

"All things are well here and safe as yet. I hope it will continue so, though there is abundance of robbery committed and murder here. A watchman killed in pursuit of a thief ; whereby the Queen granted a gallows to be erected in Drury Lane to hang the thief before the door he robbed. A gentleman last Saturday night beheaded in his own house, and his house robbed. But I have got the Smith's man now to lie in the house, and shall do my endeavour for preservation ; and wish your worship safe home. I am your faithful humble servant to command."

Just previously Thomas Coke had been perturbed by an awkward personal scandal spread about in Derbyshire, awkward for him but amusing for us.

²⁶ 1704, August 9. Derby. Draft by Thomas Coke of his "Letter to Keightly."

"At my coming into Darbyshire I was surprised

²⁵ Vol. III, p. 48.

²⁶ Vol. III, pp. 38-9.

with an account of some things you said here in town to a sempstress whose sister lives at Kedlaston, which is so silly a lie that till I hear how you can clear yourself, I have too good an opinion of you to believe. What I am told you said was that Sir Nathaniel Curzon's daughters were gone to the Bath to try to get them husbands, but you believed to no purpose ; and that Sir Nathaniel Curzon had offered either of them to me with 20,000£, and that I had refused them. This last it lies more immediately upon me to expect you to clear yourself [from] ; and the rest I hope you can for your own sake ; for I have that kindness for you that I should be sorry to have any occasion to write myself other than your affectionate friend."

In those days the honour of being a sheriff was not relished, and a pathetic appeal is made by one Ralph Docksey to Thomas Coke :—

²⁷ 1707, November 10. Ralph Docksey to the Rt. Honble. Thomas Coke.

"I hear I am one of the three nominated to be sheriff for this County [Derby] which much surprises me, being very unfit to bear such an office . . . my estate being at best worth but about 300£ a year, 200£ of it settled on my wife ; and the other 100£ a year, there is a debt of 1,000£ owing to Sir Nathaniel Curzon, so that the bearing of that office will, at this time, be the undoing of me, I having a numerous family, my wife being big of the thirteenth. This is to desire the favour of your interest to get me off . . .

²⁷ Vol. III, p. 79.

I have desired my good friend Captain John Beresford ²⁸ of Ashborne to write to you in my behalf."

Thomas Coke evidently exerted his influence in the right direction, for I can find no reference to the name of Docksey in the list of sheriffs given in Glover's *History of Derbyshire*.

In 1709 Thomas Coke married again (as already related) and the great Duchess of Marlborough writes to Mrs. Coke a very friendly, spirited, and ungrammatical letter.

²⁹ 1709, November 1. Windsor Park. Duchess of Marlborough to Honble. Mrs. Coke.

"As I was going into my coach att St. Albans I received the favour of your leter, dear Mrs. Coke, and as soon as I come out of it I give myself the pleasure of writing to you and asuring you I shall bee very glad that you will make use of anything, or everything that is call'd mine att Kinsington. You have said a great deal of your obligations to me more than they deserve ; for I think there is no great

²⁸ Captain John Beresford, 1654-1724 (my ancestor,—grandfather to the 4th great) of Beresford, and Ashbourne was a soldier, country squire, and very amiable Tory politician in Derbyshire. The Whig Duke of Devonshire reported that he was a "known Jacobite," and objected to his being made a Justice of the Peace on that account. But the Duke was counter-mined by other powerful political persons, and failed. Subsequently John Beresford became Deputy-Lieutenant for the county. Numerous letters from him and references to him appear in these manuscripts.

²⁹ Vol. III, p. 83.

matter in recommending a very agreeable young woman of a very good family to be a maid of honour. But some natures are obliged with anything, and some with nothing, and upon this occasion I can't help regretting that one in the Queen's family (but indeed she is a very great lady) used part of my lodgings at Kinsington without any kind of difficulty or ceremony : and when I took the liberty to take notice of it, she removed her things and pretended she did not know they were my lodgings. And yet after that she was pleased to make use of them again, which was a proceeding perfectly new, and what in no kind I had ever heard of before, but her education has not been the best, and all that she does is suitable to it.³⁰ I have made this letter longer than is reasonable, or than I intended it, but you must consider me as a country lady and alone ; and if Windsor is as I left it, you are not much crowded. I am with all the sincerity imaginable, dear Mrs. Coke, your most faithful and most humble servant."

Meanwhile the children of the first marriage are with the excellent Elizabeth Coke, Thomas Coke's sister, and the last document we shall quote is a letter from her to the Vice-Chamberlain :—

³¹ (1709-10), January 30. (Melbourne.)—Elizabeth Coke to (Vice-Chamberlain Coke).

"I received yours with orders to pay Beck. Quinton. Mr. Fisher made me disappoint your tenants

³⁰ Probably a reference to Mrs. Masham, who had by now supplanted the Duchess in the Queen's favour.

³¹ Vol. III, pp. 83-4.

by setting a time to meet them a week since, and is not yet come. If he does not come soon I must be obliged to give you trouble in several little particulars, which will be tedious to relate. I cannot say that Misses are well, both having great colds. Miss and Master Harpur have both been ill, which stays my Lady a week longer than she designed. Your daughter by her sheep and some presents for playthings, has intrusted me with her purse till it is come to twenty pounds, which I suppose will compass two tickets in this State Lottery ; which if you approve the venture of it, I have desired brother John, all under one trouble, to put in for them with some other I was to desire of him. Poor Miss Betty comes in with her one guinea, being all she is worth ; which was given her by my cousin Walter Burdett to make up the sum. I am brewing some ale stronger than the last, concluding you will like it better. I thought you would want it by that time this is ready to send, which will be a fortnight."

More than two centuries have passed since these exceedingly human letters were written, and those who wrote them have long mouldered into dust. Into dust ? How unreal it sounds ! As if those who wrote thus, and who live again as we read, could by any stretch of the imagination be dust, in the sense of being dead. For my part, I believe them to be far more essentially alive than we who are still but in this terrestrial state. I think I can see Lord Chesterfield admiring the peach-trees of Paradise, untouched

by any north-east winds. Lady Mary Coke is there, again laughing with Mr. Vice-Chamberlain and the children, and not at all jealous of the other Mary. And Captain Thomas Burton is stretched asleep beneath a tree. He remembers no more his anxiety about his scarlet suit, or the fevered agony of Blenheim; doubtless he dreams of Derbyshire, and its green and pleasant fields.



[*Melbourne Hall*]

LADY MARY COKE
BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER

HOLY
MR. HERBERT

HOLY
MR. HERBERT

“AND now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining ; and now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks ; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these ; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trouts.

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

“Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

“Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

“Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.”

It is from this page of *The Compleat Angler* that I date my real introduction to the poetry of George Herbert. A mere casual acquaintance with Herbert most people can and do achieve through anthologies, notably *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, where he is represented by six poems, the first being that which Piscator recited to the Scholar (Venator) in that beautiful meadow after the shower. But meeting “holy Mr. Herbert” thus, in the company of Izaak Walton and his friend, I realised as, I confess, I had never done before, not merely his holiness, but his genius. As for Herbert’s practical holiness, an adequate knowledge of that can only be obtained through reading, and then reading again, and again, the most beautiful short biography that has ever been written, “The Life of Mr. George Herbert,” contained in Walton’s *Lives*. And here, parenthetically, it may be observed that men of real holiness of life, men like St. Francis of Assisi, George Herbert, John Bunyan, Henry Vaughan, John Wesley, Cardinal Newman—these are selected as being also men of genius—have in common one outstanding quality, simplicity. This is not to say that they had not subtle souls—very far from it—but that, when

they draw nearest to the Kingdom of Heaven, they become as little children.

Of the whole field of poetry, perfection is, perhaps, most rarely achieved in Religious Poetry. It may be argued that in the widest sense most, if not all, the greatest poetry is religious, in the sense that the attitude of worship is there, whether of natural or ideal beauty. But by Religious Poetry in the narrower sense (though definition is hateful and frequently misleading) I mean the poetry which represents God as a Person, and not simply as an Abstraction, an Ideal, or an Idea. That, at least, is the poetry of its greatest masters, Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, Blake, Christina Rossetti.

On the Religious Poetry of the seventeenth century Professor Grierson says some very wise things in the Introduction to his excellent anthology of Metaphysical Poetry, which was recently published by the Clarendon Press, a book of beauty within and without, and of almost a pre-war cheapness. But, if a neophyte may venture to criticise, it does seem that Professor Grierson is just a little overwhelmed by his devotion to Donne: he has wrestled with the great Dean of St. Paul's and been thrown by him, and the dust of the conflict is still upon him. He cannot escape from that overpowering personality; he sees not only his influence but his supremacy everywhere. The result of this is that the Professor is a little patronising to George Herbert:

“ But if not a greatly imaginative, Herbert is a sincere and sensitive poet, and an accomplished artist elaborating his argumentative strain or little allegories and conceits with felicitous completeness, and managing his variously patterned stanzas . . . with a finished and delicate harmony.”

In the case of such a man and poet as Herbert, an attitude of critical patronage appears to be out of place. This is Herbert ; it is called “ Bitter-Sweet ” :

“ Ah, my dear angry Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike ;
Cast down, yet help afford ;
Sure I will do the like.

“ I will complain, yet praise,
I will bewail, approve ;
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament, and love.”

The story of Herbert's inner life is revealed in the collection of his poems which was published shortly after his death, entitled “ *The Temple : Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by Mr. George Herbert, late Orator of the University of Cambridge. In his Temple doth every Man speak of his Honour. Psalm xxix. Cambridge, 1633.” And “ bitter-sweet ” is the thread of it—bitter in the renunciation, in the anguish of past sin and present temptation, in the despair which sometimes visited him ; sweet in the love which overflowed his nature,

Holy Mr. Herbert

in the acute sense of divine and earthly beauty which is voiced in his poetry, and in those moments when he realised the truth of the saying, "the Kingdom of God is within you."

The fiery ordeal which Herbert passed through in his spiritual pilgrimage finds very complete and perfect expression in a poem called "Love-Unknown," which Coleridge quotes in the *Biographia Literaria* as an example of Herbert at his best. The poem is too long to give here. The first lines indicate the tone of it :

"Dear friend, sit down ; the tale is long and sad ;
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply than help."

On the other side, the side of inner harmony and happiness, there is "A True Hymn," a poem compact with ideas expressed in the briefest, simplest, and most beautiful words :

"My Joy, my Life, my Crown !
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say,
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
With only this, My Joy, my Life, my Crown !

"Yet slight not these few words ;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art :
The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is when the soul into the lines accords.

“He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains that somewhat is behind
To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

“Whereas, if th’ heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want ;
As when th’ heart says, sighing to be approved,
‘ O could I love ! ’ and stops, God writeth ‘ Loved.’ ”

Had Izaak Walton never written Herbert’s life, it would have been possible to guess from his poetry what manner of man he was—that he was one of those rare beings who, by the mere fact of their existence on earth, seem to show men that they can put off their mortality. Walton has, however, added riches to riches by recording many of the intimate details of his daily life which we should otherwise never have known.

That George Herbert came of an illustrious family (he was a son of Donne’s Lady Magdalen Herbert, and a brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury), which before his day and since has not ceased to enrich English history with very honourable names, that he had a brilliant academic career, being a Fellow of Trinity, and Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, and that he finally became a simple country parson, all this we should have known without Wal-

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ton's help.¹ But without Walton we should have imperfectly realised how great was the act of renunciation which brought George Herbert to the parsonage of Bemerton. With his family connections and his remarkable capacities, he could easily have entered and achieved a high place in political life, and his youthful thoughts and inclinations were certainly of the world ; but he gave it all up :

" . . . he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a court life, or betake himself to a study of divinity, and enter into sacred orders, to which his mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them ; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside ; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at his altar."

All this is illustrated with brilliant clarity and beauty by Charles Cotton in his poem " To my old

¹ For the sake of those who, like myself, find it helpful to bear in mind certain salient dates in a man's life, compressed into a bird's-eye compass, I have abstracted the following from *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, that invaluable record by J. and J. A. Venn, which the Cambridge University Press are bringing out volume by volume :

" Herbert, George. Matric. pens. from Trinity, Michs. 1609, 5th son of Sir Richard, of Montgomery Castle. B. there, Apr. 3, 1593. A scholar from Westminster, 1608. B.A., 1612-3 ; M.A., 1616. Fellow, 1616. Public Orator, 1619-27. Ord. priest, 1630. R. of Bemerton and Fugglestone, Wilts, 1630-3. . . . Buried at Bemerton, Mar. 3, 1633."

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and most worthy friend, Mr. Izaak Walton, on his life of Dr. Donne, etc.” :

“And Herbert ; he whose education,
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
Was deeply tainted with ambition ;

“And fitted for a court, made that his aim ;
At last without regard to birth or name,
For a poor country cure does all disclaim ;

“Where, with a soul composed of harmonies,
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
His Maker’s praise, and his own obsequies.”

What renunciation of the world meant to Herbert may be gathered from this verse in his poem, “The Pearl” :

“I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it ;
The propositions of hot blood and brains ;
What mirth and music mean ; what Love and Wit
Have done these twenty hundred years and more ;
I know the projects of unbridled store ;
My stuff is flesh, not brass ; my senses live,
And grumble oft that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being one to five ;
Yet I love Thee.”

Although Herbert was somehow attached to the Church, apparently as a sort of lay Prebendary, for some years before he took priest’s orders—during this period he rebuilt the church of Leighton Broms-

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wold,² in the county of Huntingdon—it was not till 1630 that he became the parson of Bemerton in Wiltshire, through the influence of his kinsman, Lord Pembroke. Even till the last moment he was still uncertain, feeling himself unworthy to be a pastor of souls, but Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Laud, who was staying at Wilton at the time, at last persuaded him. Thereupon “a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day.” And that next day, April 26, 1630, he was inducted into his Church. And here Walton tells this beautiful story :

“When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell—as the law requires him—he stayed so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that stayed expecting him at the church door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar ; at which time and place—as he after told Mr. Woodnot—he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life ; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.”

And he kept them, the rules primarily being those ancient and fundamental ones which are at the basis

² When at Herbert's death-bed a friend recalled this good work to comfort him, he answered simply : “It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ.”

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not only of Christianity, but of all religions, and of all moralities. These are two verses from "Divinity":

"But all the doctrine which He taught and gave
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came ;
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

" ' Love God ' and ' Love your neighbour, ' ' Watch
and pray, '
' Do as you would be done unto ' ;
O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day !
Who could these Gordian knots undo ! "

Herbert's all too brief three years at Bemerton were spent in ceaseless meditations, devotions, and practical acts of charity. Twice every day he attended Matins and Evensong with

" his wife and three nieces—the daughters of a deceased sister—and his whole family ; . . . and there, by that inward devotion, . . . he, like Joshua, brought not only ' his own household thus to serve the Lord ' ; but brought most of his parishioners, and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day : and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saint's bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him ; and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God, and to

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him, that they thought themselves the happier when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour."

Of Herbert's generosity, of his devotion to the poor, and specially of that beautiful adventure on the road to Salisbury, whither he was walking to visit some musical friends—for he loved music—of these things Walton's *Life* tells. But above all it was during those three years at Bemerton, as is believed, that he wrote most of the poems which compose his *Temple*.

It was but just three weeks before his death that Herbert delivered this precious manuscript to his friend, Mr. Duncan, with these words (our authority is Walton) :

"Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, [his beloved friend, founder of the little Anglican community at Gidden Hall] and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master : in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it ; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul,³ let it be made public ; if not, let him burn it ; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies."

³ Of these was William Cowper, who, in his mental agony, found wonderful comfort in *The Temple*, as did also his brother John.

Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

The faithful and devoted Mr. Farrer at once sent the poems to press, and shortly after their Author's death they were published. Within a few years the sales had reached the enormous figure for that day of twenty thousand copies, enormous when the smallness of the population, particularly of that part of it which could read, is remembered.

It is specially necessary to seek George Herbert in his own *Temple*. No adequate idea of him can be obtained from even the most excellent anthology. It is only by reading and re-reading the whole body of short poems, of which *The Temple* is built up, that the real secret of his genius can be apprehended. The secret consists in this, that, like Blake, he could "hold infinity in the palm of his hand, and eternity in an hour." The road to heaven is as familiar to him as the road to Salisbury. He makes the idea of Deity homely, natural, intimate. He excels in those dialogues between God and man, in which each answers the other in the same simple and lovely language that would be used in a conversation between himself and one of the villagers of Bemerton. His mind harks back to the days

. . . "When Thou did'st lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,

.

One might have sought and found Thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well ;

Holy Mr. Herbert

‘Is my God this way?’ ‘No,’ they would reply;
‘He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell;
List, ye may hear great Aaron’s bell.’”

He conceives of Love as of one who welcomes him to a feast of which he is wholly unworthy. He asks that his shame may

“Go where it doth deserve.

‘And know you not,’ says Love, ‘Who bore the blame?’

My dear, then I will serve.

‘You must sit down,’ says Love, ‘and taste My meat.’

So I did sit and eat.”

It is time to return to the meadow by the river-side. It is morning, and Piscator and the scholar are still there. They are seated upon a “primrose bank,” and with them now is a third figure, who, by his frail looks, would seem to be “holy Mr. Herbert” himself, for he “loved angling; and . . . had a spirit suitable to anglers.” He is saying “Matins” to them:

“I cannot ope mine eyes,

But Thou art ready there to catch

My morning soul and sacrifice:

Then we must needs for that day make a match.

“My God, what is a heart?

Silver, or gold, or precious stone,

Or star, or rainbow, or a part

Of all these things, or all of them in one?

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“ My God, what is a heart,
That Thou should'st it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all Thy art,
As if that Thou had'st nothing else to do ?

“ Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts, and richly, to serve Thee :
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by Whom they be.

“ Teach me Thy love to know ;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show ;
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.”⁴

⁴ The text of the poems quoted in this essay follows (except for modernisation) that of the Oxford edition of Herbert's poems, edited by Mr. Arthur Waugh.

